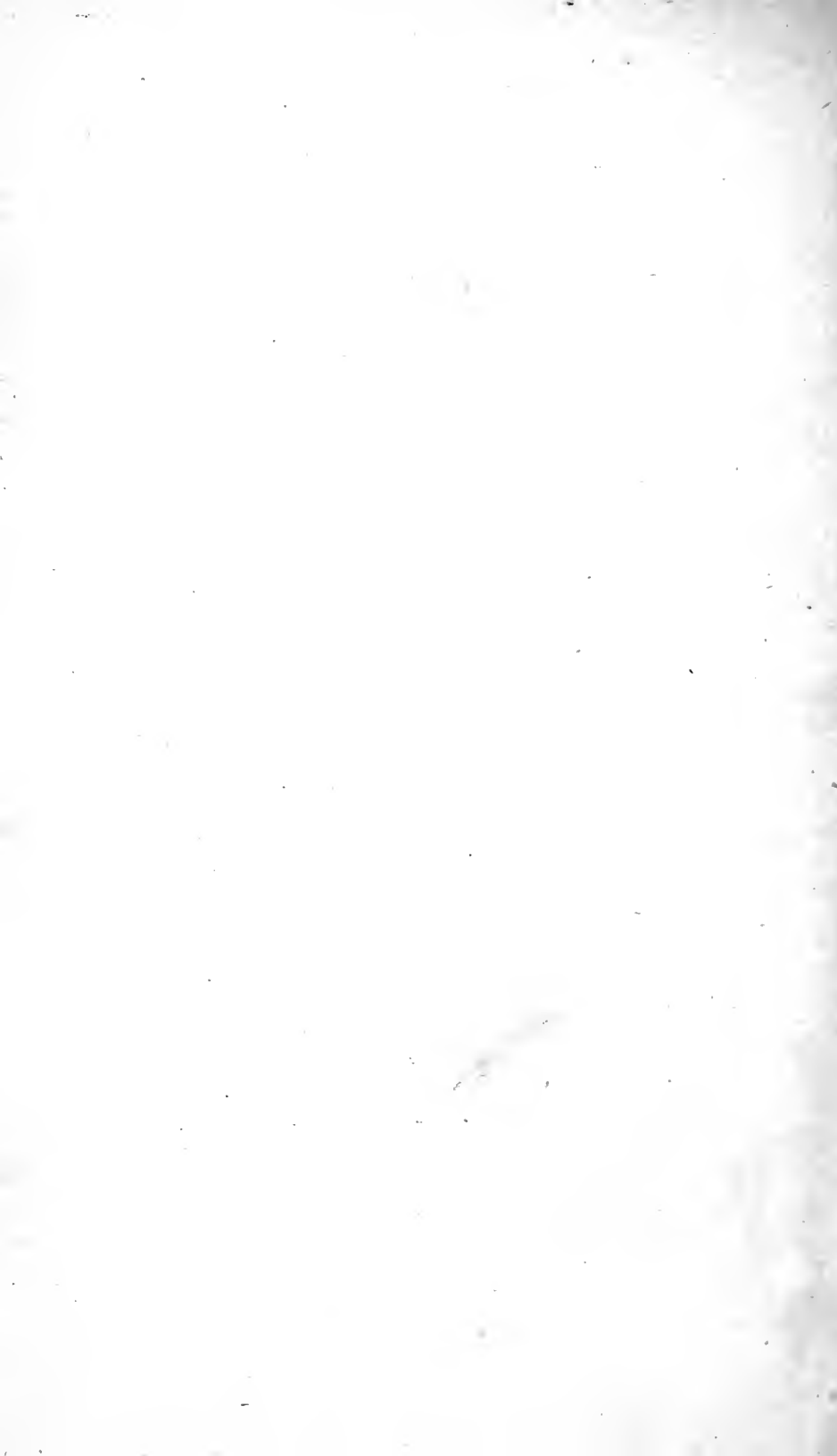


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1877






ST. MARK'S REST.



THE HISTORY OF VENICE

*WRITTEN FOR THE HELP OF THE FEW TRAVELLERS WHO STILL
CARE FOR HER MONUMENTS.*

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PARTS I. AND II.



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equal reason, may believe them spoken in truth. But there is no question possible in art: at a glance (when we have learned to read), we know the religion of Angelico to be sincere, and of Titian, assumed.

The evidence, therefore, of the third book is the most vital to our knowledge of any nation's life; and the history of Venice is chiefly written in such manuscript. It once lay open on the waves, miraculous, like St. Cuthbert's book,—a golden legend on countless leaves: now, like Baruch's roll, it is being cut with the penknife, leaf by leaf, and consumed in the fire of the most brutish of the fiends. What fragments of it may yet be saved in blackened scroll, like those withered Cottonian relics in our National library, of which so much has been redeemed by love and skill, this book will help you, partly, to read. Partly,—for I know only myself in part; but what I tell you, so far as it reaches, will be truer than you have heard hitherto, because founded on this absolutely faithful witness, despised by other historians, if not wholly unintelligible to them.

I am obliged to write shortly, being too old now to spare time for any thing more than needful work; and I write at speed, careless of afterwards remediable mistakes, of which adverse readers may gather as many as they choose: that to which such readers are adverse will be found truth that can abide any quantity of adversity.

As I can get my chapters done, they shall be published in this form, for such service as they can presently do.

The entire book will consist of not more than twelve such parts, with two of appendices, forming two volumes: if I can get what I have to say into six parts, with one appendix, all the better.

Two separate little guides, one to the Academy, the other to San Giorgio de' Schiavoni, will, I hope, be ready with the opening numbers of this book, which must depend somewhat on their collateral illustration; and what I find likely to be of service to the traveller in my old 'Stones of Venice' is in course of re-publication, with further illustration of the complete works of Tintoret. But this cannot be ready till the autumn; and what I have said of the mightiest of Venetian masters, in my lecture on his relation to Michael Angelo, will be enough at present to enable the student to complete the range of his knowledge to the close of the story of 'St. Mark's Rest.'

Handwritten musical notation on a staff.

Handwritten text, likely a letter or manuscript, written in a cursive script. The text is mostly illegible due to fading and blurring, but appears to be a continuous paragraph of writing.

ST. MARK'S REST.



CHAPTER I.

THE BURDEN OF TYRE.

Go first into the Piazzetta, and stand anywhere in the shade, where you can well see its two granite pillars.

Your Murray tells you that they are 'famous,' and that the one is "surmounted by the bronze lion of St. Mark, the other by the statue of St. Theodore, the Protector of the Republic."

It does not, however, tell you why, or for what the pillars are 'famous.' Nor, in reply to a question which might conceivably occur to the curious, why St. Theodore should protect the Republic by standing on a crocodile; nor whether the "bronze lion of St. Mark" was cast by Sir Edwin Landseer,—or some more ancient and ignorant person; nor what these rugged corners of limestone rock, at the bases of the granite, were perhaps once in the shape of. Have you any idea why, for the sake of any such things, these pillars were once, or should yet be, more renowned than the Monument, or the column of the Place Vendôme, both of which are much bigger?

Well, they are famous, first, in memorial of something which is better worth remembering than the fire of Lon-

don, or the achievements of the great Napoleon. And they are famous, or used to be, among artists, because they are beautiful columns; nay, as far as we old artists know, the most beautiful columns at present extant and erect in the conveniently visitable world.

Each of these causes of their fame I will try in some dim degree to set before you.

I said they were set there in memory of *things*,—not of the man who did the things. They are to Venice, in fact, what the Nelson column would be to London, if, instead of a statue of Nelson and a coil of rope, on the top of it, we had put one of the four Evangelists, and a saint, for the praise of the Gospel and of Holiness:—trusting the memory of Nelson to our own souls.

However, the memory of the Nelson of Venice, being now seven hundred years old, has more or less faded from the heart of Venice herself, and seldom finds its way into the heart of a stranger. Somewhat concerning him, though a stranger, you may care to hear, but you must hear it in quiet; so let your boatman take you across to San Giorgio Maggiore; there you can moor your gondola under the steps in the shade, and read in peace, looking up at the pillars when you like.

In the year 1117, when the Doge Ordelafo Falier had been killed under the walls of Zara, Venice chose, for his successor, Domenico Michiel, Michael of the Lord, ‘Cattolico nomo e audace,’* a catholic and brave man, the servant of God and of St. Michael.

* Marin Sanuto. *Vitæ Ducum Venetorum*, henceforward quoted as V., with references to the pages of Muratori’s edition. See Appendix, Art. 1, which with following appendices will be given in a separate number as soon as there are enough to form one.

Another of Mr. Murray's publications for your general assistance ('Sketches from Venetian History') informs you that, at this time, the ambassadors of the King of Jerusalem (the second Baldwin) were "awakening the pious zeal, and stimulating the commercial appetite, of the Venetians."

This elegantly balanced sentence is meant to suggest to you that the Venetians had as little piety as we have ourselves, and were as fond of money—that article being the only one which an Englishman could now think of, as an object of "commercial appetite."

The facts which take this aspect to the lively cockney, are, in reality, that Venice was sincerely pious, and intensely covetous. But not covetous merely of money. She was covetous, first, of fame; secondly, of kingdom; thirdly, of pillars of marble and granite, such as these that you see; lastly, and quite principally, of the relics of good people. Such an 'appetite,' glib-tongued cockney friend, is not wholly 'commercial.'

To the nation in this religiously covetous hunger, Baldwin appealed, a captive to the Saracen. The Pope sent letters to press his suit, and the Doge Michael called the State to council in the church of St. Mark. There he, and the Primate of Venice, and her nobles, and such of the people as had due entrance with them, by way of beginning the business, celebrated the Mass of the Holy Spirit. Then the Primate read the Pope's letters aloud to the assembly; then the Doge made the assembly a speech. And there was no opposition party in that parliament to make opposition speeches; and there were no reports of the speech next morning in any Times or Daily Telegraph. And there were no plenipoten-

tiaries sent to the East, and back again. But the vote passed for war.

The Doge left his son in charge of the State ; and sailed for the Holy Land, with forty galleys and twenty-eight beaked ships of battle—" ships which were painted with divers colors," * far seen in pleasant splendor.

Some faded likeness of them, twenty years ago, might be seen in the painted sails of the fishing boats which lay crowded, in lowly lustre, where the development of civilization now only brings black steam-tugs,† to bear the people of Venice to the bathing-machines of Lido, covering their Ducal Palace with soot, and consuming its sculptures with sulphurous acid.

The beaked ships of the Doge Michael had each a hundred oars,—each oar pulled by two men, not accommodated with sliding seats, but breathed well for their great boat-race between the shores of Greece and Italy,—whose names, alas, with the names of their trainers, are noteless in the journals of the barbarous time.

They beat their way across the waves, nevertheless, ‡ to the place by the sea-beach in Palestine where Dorcas worked for the poor, and St. Peter lodged with his namesake tanner. There, showing first but a squadron of a few ships, they drew the Saracen fleet out to sea, and so set upon them.

* 'The Acts of God, by the Franks.' Afterwards quoted as G. (Gesta Dei). Again, see Appendix, Art. 1.

† The sails may still be seen scattered farther east along the Riva ; but the beauty of the scene, which gave some image of the past, was in their combination with the Ducal Palace,—not with the new French and English Restaurants.

‡ Oars, of course, for calm, and adverse winds, only ; bright sails full to the helpful breeze.

And the Doge, in his true Duke's place, first in his beaked ship, led for the Saracen admiral's, struck her, and sunk her. And his host of falcons followed to the slaughter: and to the prey also,—for the battle was not without gratification of the commercial appetite. The Venetians took a number of ships containing precious silks, and “a quantity of drugs and pepper.”

After which battle, the Doge went up to Jerusalem, there to take further counsel concerning the use of his Venetian power; and, being received there with honor, kept his Christmas in the mountain of the Lord.

In the council of war that followed, debate became stern whether to undertake the siege of Tyre or Ascalon. The judgments of men being at pause, the matter was given to the judgment of God. They put the names of the two cities in an urn, on the altar of the Church of the Sepulchre. An orphan child was taken to draw the lots, who, putting his hand into the urn, drew out the name of TYRE.

Which name you may have heard before, and read perhaps words concerning her fall—careless always *when* the fall took place, or whose sword smote her.

She was still a glorious city, still queen of the treasures of the sea; * chiefly renowned for her work in glass and in purple; set in command of a rich plain, “irrigated with plentiful and perfect waters, famous for its sugar-canes; ‘fortissima,’ she herself, upon her rock, double walled towards the sea, treble walled to the land; and, to all seeming, unconquerable but by famine.”

* “Passava tuttavia per la piu popolosa e commerciante di Siria.”—Romanin, ‘Storia Documentata di Venezia,’ Venice, 1853, vol. ii., whence I take what else is said in the text; but see in the *Gesta Dei*, the older Marin Sanuto, lib. iii., pars. vi. cap. xii., and pars. xiv. cap. ii.

For their help in this great siege, the Venetians made their conditions.

That in every city subject to the King of Jerusalem, the Venetians should have a street, a square, a bath, and a bakehouse: that is to say, a place to live in, a place to meet in, and due command of water and bread, all free of tax; that they should use their own balances, weights, and measures (not by any means false ones, you will please to observe); and that the King of Jerusalem should pay annually to the Doge of Venice, on the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, three hundred Saracen byzants.

Such, with due approval of the two Apostles of the Gentiles, being the claims of these Gentile mariners from the King of the Holy City, the same were accepted in these terms: "In the name of the Holy and undivided Trinity of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, these are the treaties which Baldwin, second King of the Latins in Jerusalem, made with St. Mark and Dominicus Michaël"; and ratified by the signatures of—

GUARIMOND, Patriarch of Jerusalem;

EBREMAR, Archbishop of Cæsarea;

BERNARD, Archbishop of Nazareth;

ASQUIRIN, Bishop of Bethlehem;

GOLDUMUS, Abbot of St. Mary's, in the Vale of Jehoshaphat;

ACCHARD, Prior of the Temple of the Lord;

GERARD, Prior of the Holy Sepulchre;

ARNARD, Prior of Mount Syon; and

HUGO DE PAGANO, Master of the Soldiers of the Temple. With others many, whose names are in the chronicle of Andrea Dandolo.

And thereupon the French crusaders by land, and the Venetians by sea, drew line of siege round Tyre.

You will not expect me here, at St. George's steps, to give account of the various mischief done on each other with the dart, the stone, and the fire, by the Christian and Saracen, day by day. Both were at last wearied, when report came of help to the Tyrians by an army from Damascus, and a fleet from Egypt. Upon which news, discord arose in the invading camp; and rumor went abroad that the Venetians would desert their allies, and save themselves in their fleet. These reports coming to the ears of the Doge, he took (according to tradition) the sails from his ships' masts, and the rudders from their sterns,* and brought sails, rudders, and tackle ashore, and into the French camp, adding to these, for his pledge, "grave words."

The French knights, in shame of their miscreance, bade him refit his ships. The Count of Tripoli and William of Bari were sent to make head against the Damascenes; and the Doge, leaving ships enough to blockade the port, sailed himself, with what could be spared, to *find* the Egyptian fleet. He sailed to Alexandria, showed his sails along the coast in defiance, and returned.

Meantime his coin for payment of his mariners was spent. He did not care to depend on remittances. He

* By doing this he left his fleet helpless before an enemy, for naval warfare at this time depended wholly on the fine steering of the ships at the moment of onset. But for all ordinary manœuvres necessary for the safety of the fleet in harbor, their oars were enough. Andrea Dandolo says he took a plank ("tabula") out of each ship,—a more fatal injury. I suspect the truth to have been that he simply unshipped the rudders, and brought them into camp; a grave speechless symbol, earnest enough, but not costly of useless labor.

struck a coinage of leather, with St. Mark's and his own shield on it, promising his soldiers that for every leathern rag, so signed, at Venice, there should be given a golden zecchin. And his word was taken; and his word was kept.

So the steady siege went on, till the Tyrians lost hope, and asked terms of surrender.

They obtained security of person and property, to the indignation of the Christian soldiery, who had expected the sack of Tyre. The city was divided into three parts, of which two were given to the King of Jerusalem, the third to the Venetians.

How Baldwin governed his two thirds, I do not know, nor what capacity there was in the Tyrians of being governed at all. But the Venetians, for their third part, appointed a '*bailo*' to do civil justice, and a '*viscount*' to answer for military defence; and appointed magistrates under these, who, on entering office, took the following oath:—

"I swear on the holy Gospels of God, that sincerely and without fraud I will do right to all men who are under the jurisdiction of Venice in the city of Tyre; and to every other who shall be brought before me for judgment, according to the ancient use and law of the city. And so far as I know not, and am left uninformed of that, I will act by such rule as shall appear to me just, according to the appeal and answer. Farther, I will give faithful and honest counsel to the Bailo and the Viscount, *when I am asked for it*; and if they share any secret with me, I will keep it; neither will I procure by fraud, good to a friend, nor evil to an enemy." And thus the Venetian state planted stable colonies in Asia.

Thus far Romanin ; to whom, nevertheless, it does not occur to ask what 'establishing colonies in Asia' meant for Venice. Whether they were in Asia, Africa, or the Island of Atlantis, did not at this time greatly matter ; but it mattered infinitely that they were *colonies living in friendly relations with the Saracen*, and that at the very same moment arose cause of quite other than friendly relations, between the Venetian and the Greek.

For while the Doge Michael fought for the Christian king at Jerusalem, the Christian emperor at Byzantium attacked the defenceless states of Venice, on the mainland of Dalmatia, and seized their cities. Whereupon the Doge set sail homewards, fell on the Greek islands of the Egean, and took the spoil of them ; seized Cephalonia ; recovered the lost cities of Dalmatia ; compelled the Greek emperor to sue for peace,—gave it, in angry scorn ; and set his sails at last for his own Rialto, with the sceptres of Tyre and of Byzantium to lay at the feet of Venice.

Spoil also he brought, enough, of such commercial kind as Venice valued. These pillars that you look upon, of rosy and gray rock ; and the dead bodies of St. Donato and St. Isidore.

He thus returned, in 1126 : Fate had left him yet four years to live. In which, among other homely work, he made the beginning for you (oh much civilized friend, you will at least praise him in this) of these mighty gaseous illuminations by which Venice provides for your seeing her shop-wares by night, and provides against your seeing the moon, or stars, or sea.

For, finding the narrow streets of Venice dark, and opportune for robbers, he ordered that at the heads of

them there should be set little tabernacles for images of the saints, and before each a light kept burning. Thus he commands,—not as thinking that the saints themselves had need of candles, but that they would gladly grant to poor mortals in danger, material no less than heavenly light.

And having in this pretty and lowly beneficence ended what work he had to do in this world, feeling his strength fading, he laid down sword and ducal robe together; and became a monk, in this island of St. George, at the shore of which you are reading: but the old monastery on it which sheltered him was destroyed long ago, that this stately Palladian portico might be built, to delight Mr. Eustace on his classical tour,—and other such men of renown,—and persons of excellent taste, like yourself.

And there he died, and was buried; and there he lies, virtually tombless: the place of his grave you find by going down the steps on your right hand behind the altar, leading into what was yet a monastery before the last Italian revolution, but is now a finally deserted loneliness.

Over his grave there is a heap of frightful modern upholsterer's work,—Longhena's; his first tomb (of which you may see some probable likeness in those at the side of St. John and St. Paul) being removed as too modest and timeworn for the vulgar Venetian of the seventeenth century; and this, that you see, put up to please the Lord Mayor and the beadles.

The old inscription was copied on the rotten black slate which is breaking away in thin flakes, dimmed by dusty salt. The beginning of it yet remains: "Here lies the Terror of the Greeks." Read also the last lines:

“WHOSOEVER THOU ART, WHO COMEST TO BEHOLD THIS TOMB OF HIS, BOW THYSELF DOWN BEFORE GOD, BECAUSE OF HIM.”

Of these things, then, the two pillars before you are ‘famous’ in memorial. What in themselves they possess deserving honor, we will next try to discern. But you must row a little nearer to the pillars, so as to see them clearly.

CHAPTER II.

LATRATOR ANUBIS.

I SAID these pillars were the most beautiful known to me ; but you must understand this saying to be of the whole pillar—group of base, shaft, and capital—not only of their shafts.

You know so much of architecture, perhaps, as that an ‘order’ of it is the system, connecting a shaft with its capital and cornice. And you can surely feel so much of architecture, as that, if you took the heads off these pillars, and set the granite shafts simply upright on the pavement, they would perhaps remind you of ninepins, or rolling-pins, but would in no wise contribute either to respectful memory of the Doge Michael, or to the beauty of the Piazzetta.

Their beauty, which has been so long instinctively felt by artists, consists then first in the proportion, and then in the propriety of their several parts. Do not confuse proportion with propriety. An elephant is as properly made as a stag ; but he is not so gracefully proportioned. In fine architecture, and all other fine arts, grace and propriety meet.

I will take the fitness first. You see that both these pillars have wide bases of successive steps.* You can feel that these would be ‘improper’ round the pillars of

* Restored,—but they always must have had them, in some such proportion.

an arcade in which people walked, because they would be in the way. But they are proper here, because they tell us the pillar is to be isolated, and that it is a monument of importance. Look from these shafts to the arcade of the Ducal Palace. Its pillars have been found fault with for wanting bases. But they were meant to be walked beside without stumbling.

Next, you see the tops of the capitals of the great pillars spread wide, into flat tables. You can feel, surely, that these are entirely 'proper,' to afford room for the statues they are to receive, and that the edges, which bear no weight, may 'properly' extend widely. But suppose a weight of superincumbent wall were to be laid on these pillars? The extent of capital which is now graceful, would then be weak and ridiculous.

Thus far of propriety, whose simple laws are soon satisfied: next, of proportion.

You see that one of the shafts—the St. Theodore's—is much more slender than the other.

One general law of proportion is that a slender shaft should have a slender capital, and a ponderous shaft, a ponderous one.

But had this law been here followed, the companion pillars would have instantly become ill-matched. The eye would have discerned in a moment the fat pillar and the lean. They would never have become the fraternal pillars—'the two' of the Piazzetta.

With subtle, scarcely at first traceable, care, the designer varied the curves and weight of his capitals; and gave the massive head to the slender shaft, and the slender capital to the massive shaft. And thus they stand in symmetry, and uncontending equity.

Next, for the form of these capitals themselves, and the date of them.

You will find in the guide-books that though the shafts were brought home by the Doge in 1126, no one could be found able to set them up, until the year 1171, when a certain Lombard, called Nicholas of the Barterers, raised them, and for reward of such engineering skill, bargained that he might keep tables for forbidden games of chance between the shafts. Whereupon the Senate ordered that executions should also take place between them.

You read, and smile, and pass on with a dim sense of having heard something like a good story.

Yes ; of which I will pray you to remark, that at that uncivilized time, games of chance were forbidden in Venice, and that in these modern civilized times they are not forbidden ; and one, that of the lottery, even promoted by the Government as gainful : and that perhaps the Venetian people might find itself more prosperous on the whole by obeying that law of their fathers, * and ordering that no lottery should be drawn, except in a place where somebody had been hanged. † But the curious thing is that while this pretty story is never forgotten, about the raising of the pillars, nothing is ever so much as questioned about who put their tops and bases to them ! —nothing about the resolution that lion or saint should stand to preach on them,—nothing about the Saint's ser-

* Have you ever read the 'Fortunes of Nigel' with attention to the moral of it ?

† It orders now that the drawing should be at the foot of St. Mark's Campanile ; and, weekly, the mob of Venice, gathered for the event, fills the marble porches with its anxious murmur.

mon, or the Lion's; nor enough, even, concerning the name or occupation of Nicholas the Barterer, to lead the pensive traveller into a profitable observance of the appointment of Fate, that in this Tyre of the West, the city of merchants, her monuments of triumph over the Tyre of the East should forever stand signed by a tradition recording the stern judgment of her youth against the gambler's lust, which was the passion of her old age.

But now of the capitals themselves. If you are the least interested in architecture, should it not be of some importance to you to note the style of them? Twelfth century capitals, as fresh as when they came from the chisel, are not to be seen every day, or everywhere—much less capitals like these, a fathom or so broad and high! And if you know the architecture of England and France in the twelfth century, you will find these capitals still more interesting from their extreme difference in manner. Not the least like our clumps and humps and cushions, are they? For these are living Greek work, still; not savage Norman or clumsy Northumbrian, these; but of pure Corinthian race; yet, with Venetian practicalness of mind, solidified from the rich clusters of light leafage which were their ancient form. You must find time for a little practical cutting of capitals yourself, before you will discern the beauty of these. There is nothing like a little work with the fingers for teaching the eyes.

As you go home to lunch, therefore, buy a pound of Gruyère cheese, or of any other equally tough and bad, with as few holes in it as may be. And out of this pound of cheese, at lunch, cut a solid cube as neatly as you can.

Now all treatment of capitals depends primarily on the

way in which a cube of stone, like this of cheese, is left by the carver square at the top, to carry the wall, and cut round at the bottom to fit its circular pillar. Proceed therefore to cut your cube so that it may fit a round pillar of cheese at the bottom, such as is extracted, for tasting, by magnanimous cheesemongers, for customers worth their while. Your first natural proceeding will of course be to cut off four corners ; so making an octagon at the bottom, which is a good part of the way to a circle. Now if you cut off those corners with rather a long, sweeping cut, as if you were cutting a pencil, you will see that already you have got very near the shape of the Piazzetta capitals. But you will come still nearer, if you make each of these simple corner-cuts into two narrower ones, thus bringing the lower portion of your bit of cheese into a twelve-sided figure. And you will see that each of these double-cut angles now has taken more or less the shape of a leaf, with its central rib at the angle. And if, further, with such sculptresque and graphic talent as may be in you, you scratch out the real shape of a leaf at the edge of the cuts and run furrows from its outer lobes to the middle,—behold, you have your Piazzetta capital. *All but* have it, I should say ; only this ‘all but’ is nearly all the good of it, which comes of the exceeding fineness with which the simple curves are drawn, and reconciled.

Nevertheless, you will have learned, if sagacious in such matters, by this quarter of an hour’s carving, so much of architectural art as will enable you to discern, and to enjoy the treatment of, all the twelfth and thirteenth century capitals in Venice, which, without exception, when of native cutting, are concave bells like this, with either a springing leaf, or a bending boss of stone which would be-

come a leaf if it were furrowed, at the angles. But the fourteenth century brings a change.

Before I tell you what took place in the fourteenth century, you must cut yourself another cube of Gruyère cheese. You see that in the one you have made a capital of already, a good weight of cheese out of the cube has been cut away in tapering down those long-leaf corners. Suppose you try now to make a capital of it without cutting away so much cheese. If you begin half way down the side, with a shorter but more curved cut, you may reduce the base to the same form, and—supposing you are working in marble instead of cheese—you have not only much less trouble, but you keep a much more solid block of stone to bear superincumbent weight.

Now you may go back to the Piazzetta, and, thence proceeding, so as to get well in front of the Ducal Palace, look first to the Greek shaft capitals, and then to those of the Ducal Palace upper arcade. You will recognize, especially in those nearest the Ponte della Paglia (at least, if you have an eye in your head), the shape of your second block of Gruyère,—decorated, it is true, in manifold ways, but essentially shaped like your most cheaply cut block of cheese. Modern architects, in imitating these capitals, can reach as far as—imitating your Gruyère. Not being able to decorate the block when they have got it, they declare that decoration is “a superficial merit.”

Yes,—very superficial. Eyelashes and eyebrows—lips and nostrils—chin-dimples and curling hair, are all very superficial things, wherewith Heaven decorates the human skull; making the maid’s face of it, or the knight’s. Nevertheless, what I want you to notice now, is but the form of the block of Istrian stone, usually with a spiral,

more or less elaborate, on each of its projecting angles. For there is infinitude of history in that solid angle, prevailing over the light Greek leaf. That *is* related to our humps and clumps at Durham and Winchester. Here is, indeed, Norman temper, prevailing over Byzantine; and it means,—the outcome of that quarrel of Michiel with the Greek Emperor. It means—western for eastern life, in the mind of Venice. It means her fellowship with the western chivalry; her triumph in the Crusades,—triumph over her own foster nurse, Byzantium.

Which significances of it, and many others with them, if we would follow, we must leave our stone-cutting for a little while, and map out the chart of Venetian history from its beginning into such masses as we may remember without confusion.

But, since this will take time, and we cannot quite tell how long it may be before we get back to the twelfth century again, and to our Piazzetta shafts, let me complete what I can tell you of these at once.

In the first place, the Lion of St. Mark is a splendid piece of eleventh or twelfth century bronze. I know that by the style of him; but have never found out where he came from.* I may now chance on it, however, at any moment in other quests. Eleventh or twelfth century, the Lion—fifteenth, or later, his wings; very delicate in feather-workmanship, but with little lift or strike in them;

* "He"—the actual piece of forged metal, I mean. (See Appendix II. for account of its recent botchings.) Your modern English explainers of him have never heard, I observe, of any such person as an 'Evangelist,' or of any Christian symbol of such a being! See page 42 of Mr. Adams' 'Venice Past and Present' (Edinburgh and New York, 1852).

decorative mainly. Without doubt his first wings were thin sheets of beaten bronze, shred into plumage; far wider in their sweep than these.†

The statue of St. Theodore, whatever its age, is wholly without merit. I can't make it out myself, nor find record of it: in a stonemason's yard, I should have passed it as modern. But this merit of the statue is here of little consequence,—the power of it being wholly in its meaning.

St. Theodore represents the power of the Spirit of God in all noble and useful animal life, conquering what is venomous, useless, or in decay: he differs from St. George in contending with material evil, instead of with sinful passion: the crocodile on which he stands is the Dragon of Egypt; slime-begotten of old, worshipped in its malignant power, for a God. St. Theodore's martyrdom was for breaking such idols; and with beautiful instinct Venice took him in her earliest days for her protector and standard-bearer, representing the heavenly life of Christ in men, prevailing over chaos and the deep.

With far more than instinct,—with solemn recognition, and prayerful vow, she took him in the pride of her chivalry, in mid-thirteenth century, for the master of that chivalry in their gentleness of home ministries. The 'Mariegola' (Mother-Law) of the school of St. Theodore, by kind fate yet preserved to us, contains the legend they believed, in its completeness, and their vow of service and companionship in all its terms.

† I am a little proud of this guess, for before correcting this sentence in type, I found the sharp old wings represented faithfully in the woodcut of Venice in 1480, in the Correr Museum. Durer, in 1500, draws the present wings; so that we get their date fixed within twenty years.

Either of which, if you care to understand,—several other matters and writings must be understood first; and, among others, a pretty piece of our own much boasted,—how little obeyed,—Mother-Law, sung still by statute in our churches at least once in the month; the eighty-sixth Psalm. “Her foundations are in the holy Mountains.” I hope you can go on with it by heart, or at least have your Bible in your portmanteau. In the remote possibility that you may have thought its carriage unnecessarily expensive, here is the Latin psalm, with its modern Italian-Catholic * translation; watery enough, this last, but a clear and wholesome, though little vapid, dilution and diffusion of its text,—making much intelligible to the Protestant reader, which his ‘private judgment’ might occasionally have been at fault in.

Fundamenta eius in montibus sanctis: diligit Dominus portas Sion super omnia tabernacula Iacob.

Gloriosa dicta sunt de te, civitas Dei.

Memor ero Rahab et Babylonis, scientium me.

Ecce alienigenæ, et Tyrus, et populus Æthiopum hi fuerunt illic.

Gerusalemme è fabbricata sopra i santi monti: Iddio ne prende più cura, e l'ama più che tutti gli altri luoghi che dal suo popolo sono abitati.

Quante cose tutte piene di lode sono state dette di voi, città di Dio!

Non lascerò nell'oblivione nè l'Egitto nè Babilonia, dacchè que' popoli mi avranno riconosciuto per loro Dio.

Quanti popoli stranieri, Tiri, Etiopi, sino a quel punto miei nemici, verranno a prestarmi i loro omaggi.

* From the ‘Uffizio della B. V. Maria, Italiano e Latino, per tutti i tempi dell'anno, del Padre G. Croiset,’ a well printed and most serviceable little duodecimo volume, for any one wishing to know somewhat of Roman Catholic offices. Published in Milan and Venice.

Numquid Sion dicet :
Homo et homo natus est in
ea, et ipse fundavit eam
Altissimus ?

Dominus narrabit in
scripturis populorum et
principum : horum qui fu-
erunt in ea.

Sicut lætantium omnium
habitatio est in te.

Ognuno dirà allora : Vedete
come questa città si è popolata !
l' Altissimo l' ha fondata e vuole
metterla in fiore.

Egli perciò è l' unico che co-
nosca il numero del popolo e de'
grandi che ne sono gli abitanti.

Non vi è vera felicità, se non
per coloro che vi haune l' abita-
zione.

Reading then the psalm in these words, you have it as the Western Christians sang it ever since St. Jerome wrote it into such interpretation for them ; and you must try to *feel* it as these Western Christians of Venice felt it, having now their own street in the holy city, and their covenant with the Prior of Mount Syon, and of the Temple of the Lord : they themselves having struck down Tyre with their own swords, taken to themselves her power, and now reading, as of themselves, the encompassing benediction of the prophecy for all Gentile nations, "Ecce alienigenæ—et Tyrus." A notable piece of Scripture for them, to be dwelt on, in every word of it, with all humility of faith.

What then *is* the meaning of the two verses just preceding these ?—

"Glorious things are spoken of thee, thou City of God. I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon, with them that know me."

If you like to see a curious mistake at least of *one* Protestant's 'private judgment' of this verse, you must look

at my reference to it in *Fors Clavigera* of April, 1876, p. 110, with its correction by Mr. Gordon, in *Fors* for June, 1876, pp. 178–203, all containing variously useful notes on these verses; of which the gist is, however, that the ‘Rahab’ of the Latin text is the Egyptian ‘Dragon,’ the crocodile, signifying in myth, which has now been three thousand years continuous in human mind, the total power of the crocodile-god of Egypt, couchant on his slime, born of it, mistakable for it,—his gray length of unintelligible scales, fissured and wrinkled like dry clay, itself but, as it were, a shelf or shoal of coagulated, malignant earth. He and his company, the deities born of the earth—beast headed,—with only animal cries for voices :—

“*Omnigenumque Deûm monstra, et latrator Anubis
Contra Neptunum et Venerem, contraque Minervam.*”

This is St. Theodore’s Dragon-enemy—Egypt, and her captivity; bondage of the earth, literally to the Israelite, in making bricks of it, the first condition of form for the God: in sterner than mere literal truth, the captivity of the spirit of man, whether to earth or to its creatures.

And St. Theodore’s victory is making the earth his pedestal, instead of his adversary; he is the power of gentle and rational life, reigning over the wild creatures and senseless forces of the world. The *Latrator Anubis*—most senseless and cruel of the guardians of hell—becoming, by human mercy, the faithfullest of creature-friends to man.

Do you think all this work useless in your Venetian guide? There is not a picture,—not a legend,—scarcely a column or an ornament, in the art of Venice or of Italy, which, by this piece of work, well done, will not become more precious to you. Have you ever, for instance, noticed

how the baying of Cerberus is stopped, in the sixth canto of Dante,—

“ Il duca mio

Prese *la terra* ; et con piene le pugne

La gitto dentro alle bramose canne.”

(To the *three*, therefore plural.) It is one of the innumerable subtleties which mark Dante's perfect knowledge—inconceivable except as a form of inspiration—of the inner meaning of every myth, whether of classic or Christian theology, known in his day.

Of the relation of the dog, horse, and eagle to the chivalry of Europe, you will find, if you care to read, more noted, in relation to part of the legend of St. Theodore, in the Fors of March, this year; the rest of his legend, with what is notablest in his ‘*Mariegola*,’ I will tell you when we come to examine Carpaccio's canonized birds and beasts; of which, to refresh you after this piece of hard ecclesiastical reading (for I can't tell you about the bases of the pillars to-day. We must get into another humor to see these), you may see within five minutes' walk, three together, in the little chapel of St. George of the Schiavoni: St. George's ‘*Porphyrio*,’ the bird of chastity, with the bent spray of sacred vervain in its beak, at the foot of the steps on which St. George is baptizing the princess; St. Jerome's lion, being introduced to the monastery (with resultant effect on the minds of the brethren); and St. Jerome's dog, watching his master translating the Bible, with highest complacency of approval.

And of St. Theodore himself you may be glad to know that he was a very historical and substantial saint as late as the fifteenth century, for in the Inventory of the goods and chattels of his scuola, made by order of its master

(Gastoldo), and the companions, in the year 1450, the first article is the body of St. Theodore, with the bed it lies on, covered by a coverlid of "pañō di grano di seta, brocado de oro fino." So late as the middle of the fifteenth century (certified by the inventario fatto a di XXX. de Novembrio MCCCCL. per. Sr nanni di piero de la colōna, Gastoldo, e suoi campagni, dè tutte reliquie e arnesi e beni, se trova in questa hora presente in la nostra scuola), here lay this treasure, dear to the commercial heart of Venice.

Oh, good reader, who hast ceased to count the Dead bones of men for thy treasure, hast thou then thy Dead laid up in the hands of the Living God?

CHAPTER III.

ST. JAMES OF THE DEEP STREAM.

TWICE one is two, and twice two is four; but twice one is not three, and twice two is not six, whatever Shylock may wish, or say, in the matter. In wholesome memory of which arithmetical, and (probably) eternal, fact, and in loyal defiance of Shylock and his knife, I write down for you these figures, large and plain:

1. 2. 4.

Also in this swiftly progressive ratio, the figures may express what modern philosophy considers the rate of progress of Venice, from her days of religion, and golden ducats, to her days of infidelity, and paper notes.

Read them backwards, then, sublime modern philosopher; and they will give you the date of the birth of that foolish Venice of old time, on her narrow island.

4. 2. 1.

In that year, and on the very day—(little foolish Venice used to say, when she was a very child),—in which, once upon a time, the world was made; and, once upon another time—the Ave Maria first said,—the first stone of Venice was laid on the sea sand, in the name of St. James the fisher.

I think you had better go and see with your own eyes, —tread with your own foot,—the spot of her nativity: so

much of a spring day as the task will take, cannot often be more profitably spent, nor more affectionately towards God and man, if indeed you love either of them.

So, from the Grand Hotel,—or the Swiss Pension—or the duplicate Danieli with the drawbridge,—or wherever else among the palaces of resuscitated Venice you abide, congratulatory modern ambassador to the Venetian Senate,—please, to-day, walk through the Merceria, and through the Square of St. Bartholomew, where is the little octagon turret-chapel in the centre, for sale of news: and cross the Rialto—not in the middle of it, but on the right hand side, crossing from St. Mark's. You will probably find it very dirty,—it may be, indecently dirty,—that is modern progress, and Mr. Buckle's civilization; rejoice in it with a thankful heart, and stay in it placidly, after crossing the height of the bridge, when you come down just on a level with the capitals of the first story of the black and white, all but ruined, Palace of the Camerlenghi; Treasurers of Venice, built for them when she began to feel anxious about her accounts. 'Black and white,' I call it, because the dark lichens of age are yet on its marble—or, at least, were, in the winter of '76-'77; it may be, even before these pages get printed, it will be scraped and regilt—or pulled down, to make a railroad station at the Rialto.

Here standing, if with good eyes, or a good opera glass, you look back, up to the highest story of the blank and ugly building on the side of the canal you have just crossed from,—you will see between two of its higher windows, the remains of a fresco of a female figure. It is, so far as I know, the last vestige of the noble fresco painting of Venice on her outside walls;—Giorgione's,—no less,—

when Titian and he were house-painters,—the Sea-Queen so ranking them, for her pomp, in her proud days. Of this, and of the black and white palace, we will talk another day. I only asked you to look at the fresco just now, because therein is seen the end of *my* Venice,—the Venice I have to tell you of. Yours, of the Grand Hotels and the Peninsular steamers, you may write the history of, for yourself.

Therein,—as it fades away—ends the Venice of St. Mark's Rest. But where she was born, you may now go quite down the steps to see. Down, and through among the fruit-stalls into the little square on the right; then turning back, the low portico is in front of you—not of the ancient church indeed, but of a fifteenth century one—variously translated, in succeeding times, into such small picturesqueness of stage effect as it yet possesses; escaping, by God's grace, however, the fire which destroyed all the other buildings of ancient Venice, round her Rialto square, in 1513.*

Some hundred or hundred and fifty years before that, Venice had begun to suspect the bodies of saints to be a poor property; carrion, in fact,—and not even exchangeable carrion. Living flesh might be bought instead,—perhaps of prettier aspect. So, as I said, for a hundred years or so, she had brought home no relics,—but set her mind on trade-profits, and other practical matters; tending to the achievement of wealth, and its comforts, and dignities. The curious result being, that at that particular moment, when the fire devoured her merchants' square, centre of the

* Many chronicles speak of it as burned; but the authoritative inscription of 1601 speaks of it as 'consumed by age,' and is therefore conclusive on this point.

then mercantile world—she happened to have no money in her pocket to build it again with!

Nor were any of her old methods of business again to be resorted to. Her soldiers were now foreign mercenaries, and had to be paid before they would fight; and prayers, she had found out long before our English wiseacre apothecaries' apprentices, were of no use to get either money, or new houses with, at a pinch like this. And there was really nothing for it but doing the thing cheap,—since it had to be done. Fra Giocondo of Verona offered her a fair design; but the city could not afford it. Had to take Scarpagnino's make-shift instead; and with his help, and Sansovino's, between 1520 and 1550, she just managed to botch up—what you see surround the square, of architectural stateliness for her mercantile home. Discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, the main cause of these sorrowful circumstances of hers,—observe sagacious historians.

At all events, I have no doubt the walls were painted red, with some medallions, or other cheap decoration, under the cornices, enough to make the little square look comfortable. Whitewashed and squalid now—it may be left, for this time, without more note of it, as we turn to the little church.*

Your Murray tells you it was built “in its present form” in 1194, and “rebuilt in 1531, but precisely in the old form,” and that it “has a fine brick campanile.” The fine brick campanile, visible, if you look behind you, on

* Do not, if you will trust me, at this time let your guide take you to look at the Gobbo di Rialto, or otherwise interfere with your immediate business.

the other side of the street, belongs to the church of St. John Elemosinario. And the statement that the church was "rebuilt in precisely the old form" must also be received with allowances. For the "campanile" here, is in the most orthodox English Jacobite style of the seventeenth century, the portico is Venetian fifteenth, the walls are in no style at all, and the little Madonna inserted in the middle of them is an exquisitely finished piece of the finest work of 1320 to 1350.

And, alas, the church is not only quite other in form, but even other in *place*, than it was in the fifth century, having been moved like a bale of goods, and with apparently as little difficulty as scruple, in 1322, on a report of the Salt Commissioners about the crowding of shops round it. And, in sum, of particulars of authentically certified vicissitudes, the little church has gone through these following—how many more than these, one cannot say—but these at least (see Appendix III.):

I. Founded traditionally in 421 (serious doubts whether on Friday or Saturday, involving others about the year itself). The tradition is all we need care for.

II. Rebuilt, and adorned with Greek mosaic work by the Doge Domenico Selvo, in 1073; the Doge having married a Greek wife, and liking pretty things. Of this husband and wife you shall hear more, anon.

III. Retouched, and made bright again, getting also its due share of the spoil of Byzantium sent home by Henry Dandolo, 1174.

IV. Dressed up again, and moved out of the buyers' and sellers' way, in 1322.

V. 'Instaured' into a more splendid church (*dicto templo in splendidiorem ecclesiam instaurato*) by the

elected plebanus, Natalis Regia, desirous of having the church devoted to *his* honor instead of St. James's, 1531.

VI. Lifted up (and most likely therefore first much pulled down), to keep the water from coming into it, in 1601, when the double arched campanile was built, and the thing finally patched together in the present form. Doubtless, soon, by farther 'progresso' to become a provision, or, perhaps, a petroleum-store, Venice having no more need of temples; and being, as far as I can observe, ashamed of having so many, overshadowing her buyers and sellers. Better rend the veils in twain forever, if convenient storeshops may be formed inside.

These, then, being authentic epochs of change, you may decipher at ease the writing of each of them,—what is left of it. The campanile with the ugly head in the centre of it is your final Art result, 1601. The portico in front of you is Natalis Regia's 'instauration' of the church as it stood after 1322, retaining the wooden simplicities of bracket above the pillars of the early loggia; the Madonna, as I said, is a piece of the 1320 to 1350 work; and of earlier is no vestige here. But if you will walk twenty steps round the church, at the back of it, on the low gable, you will see an inscription in firmly graven long Roman letters, under a cross, similarly inscribed.

That is a vestige of the eleventh century church; nay, more than vestige, the *Voice* of it—Sibylline,—left when its body had died.

Which I will ask you to hear, in a little while. But first you shall see also a few of the true stones of the older Temple. Enter it now; and reverently; for though at first, amidst wretched whitewash and stucco, you will scarcely see the true marble, those six pillars

and their capitals are yet actual remnants and material marble of the venerable church; probably once extending into more arches in the nave; but this transept ceiling of wagon vault, with the pillars that carry it, is true remnant of a mediæval church, and, in all likelihood, true image of the earliest of all—of the first standard of Venice, planted, under which to abide; the Cross, engraved on the sands thus in relief, with two little pieces of Roman vaulting, set cross wise;—your modern engineers will soon make as large, in portable brickwork, for London drains, admirable, worshipful, for the salvation of London mankind:—here artlessly rounded, and with small cupola above the crossing.

Thus she set her sign upon the shore; some knot of gelatinous seaweed there checking the current of the 'Deep Stream,' which sweeps round, as you see, in that sigma of canal, as the Wharfe round the shingly bank of Bolton Abbey,—a notablest Crook of Lune, this; and Castrum, here, on sands that will abide.

It is strange how seldom rivers have been named from their depth. Mostly they take at once some dear, companionable name, and become gods, or at least living creatures, to their refreshed people; if not thus Pagan-named, they are noted by their color, or their purity,—White River, Black River, Rio Verde, Aqua Dolce, Fiume di Latte; but scarcely ever, 'Deep River.'

And this Venetian slow-pacing water, not so much as a river, or any thing like one; but a rivulet, 'fiumicello,' only, rising in those low mounds of volcanic hill to the west. "'Rialto,' 'Rialtum,' 'Prealtum'" (another idea getting confused with the first), "dal fiumicello di equal nome che, scendendo dei colli Euganei gettavasi nel

Brenta, con esso scorrendo lungo quelle isole dette appunto Realtine.”* The serpentine depth, consistent always among consistent shallow, being here vital; and the conception of it partly mingled with that of the power of the open sea—the infinite ‘Altum;’ sought by the sacred water, as in the dream of Eneas, “lacu fluvius se condidit alto.” Hence the united word takes, in declining Latin, the shorter form, *Rialtum*,—properly, in the scholarship of the State-documents, ‘*Rivoaltus*.’ So also, throughout Venice, the Latin Rivus softens into Rio; the Latin Ripa into Riva, in the time when you had the running water—not ‘canals,’ but running brooks of sea,—‘*lympha fugax*,’—trembling in eddies, between, not quays, but banks of pasture land; soft ‘*campi*,’ of which, in St. Margaret’s field, I have but this autumn seen the last worn vestige trodden away; and yesterday, Feb. 26th, in the morning, a little tree that was pleasant to me taken up from before the door, because it had heaved the pavement an inch or two out of square; also beside the Academy, a little overhanging momentary shade of boughs hewn away, ‘to make the street “bello,”’ said the axe-bearer. ‘What,’ I asked, ‘will it be prettier in summer without its trees?’ ‘Non x’e bello il verde,’ he answered.† True oracle, though he knew not what

* Romanin.

† I observe the good people of Edinburgh have the same taste; and rejoice proudly at having got an asphalt esplanade at the end of Prince’s Street, instead of cabbage-sellers. Alas! my Scottish friends; all that Prince’s Street of yours has not so much beauty in it as a single cabbage-stalk, if you had eyes in your heads,—rather the extreme reverse of beauty; and there is not one of the lassies who now stagger up and down the burning marle in high-heeled boots and French bonnets, who would not look a thousand-fold prettier, and

he said; voice of the modern Church of Venice ranking herself under the black standard of the pit.

I said you should hear the oracle of her ancient Church in a little while; but you must know why, and to whom it was spoken, first,—and we must leave the Rialto for to-day. Look, as you recross its bridge, westward, along the broad-flowing stream; and come here also, this evening, if the day sets calm, for then the waves of it from the Rialto island to the Cà Foscari, glow like an Eastern tapestry in soft-flowing crimson, fretted with gold; and beside them, amidst the tumult of squalid ruin, remember the words that are the ‘burden of Venice,’ as of Tyre:—

“Be still, ye inhabitants of the Isle. Thou whom the merchants of Zidon, that pass over the sea, have replenished. By great waters, the seed of Sihor, the harvest of the river, is her revenue; and she is a mart of nations.”

feel, there's no counting how much nobler, bare-headed but for the snood, and bare-foot on old-fashioned grass by the Nor' loch side, bringing home from market, basket on arm, pease for papa's dinner, and a bunch of cherries for baby.

CHAPTER IV.

ST. THEODORE THE CHAIR-SELLER.

THE history of Venice divides itself, with more sharpness than any other I have read, into periods of distinct tendency and character; marked, in their transition, by phenomena no less definite than those of the putting forth the leaves, or setting of the fruit, in a plant;—and as definitely connected by one vitally progressive organization, of which the energy must be studied in its constancy, while its results are classed in grouped system.

If we rightly trace the order, and estimate the duration, of such periods, we understand the life, whether of an organized being or a state. But not to know the time when the seed is ripe, or the soul mature, is to misunderstand the total creature.

In the history of great multitudes, these changes of their spirit, and regenerations (for they are nothing less) of their physical power, take place through so subtle gradations of declining and dawning thought, that the effort to distinguish them seems arbitrary, like separating the belts of a rainbow's color by firmly drawn lines. But, at Venice, the lines are drawn for us by her own hand; and the changes in her temper are indicated by parallel modifications of her policy and constitution, to which historians have always attributed, as to efficient causes, the national fortunes of which they are only the signs and limitation.

In this history, the reader will find little importance attached to these external phenomena of political constitution ; except as labels, or, it may be, securing seals, of the state of the nation's heart. They are merely shapes of amphora, artful and decorative indeed ; tempting to criticism or copy of their form, usefully recordant of different ages of the wine, and having occasionally, by the porousness or perfectness of their clay, effect also on its quality. But it is the grape-juice itself, and the changes in *it*, not in the forms of flask, that we have in reality to study.

Fortunately also, the dates of the great changes are easily remembered ; they fall with felicitous precision at the beginning of centuries, and divide the story of the city, as the pillars of her Byzantine courts, the walls of it, with symmetric stability.

She shall also tell you, as I promised, her own story, in her own handwriting, all through. Not a word shall *I* have to say in the matter ; or ought to do, except to deepen the letters for you when they are indistinct, and sometimes to hold a blank space of her chart of life to the fire of your heart for a little while, until words, written secretly upon it, are seen ;—if, at least, there is fire enough in your own heart to heat them.

And first, therefore, I must try what power of reading you have, when the letters are quite clear. We will take to-day, so please you, the same walk we did yesterday ; but looking at other things, and reading a wider lesson.

As early as you can (in fact, to get the good of this walk, you must be up with the sun), any bright morning, when the streets are quiet, come with me to the front of St. Mark's; to begin our lesson there.

You see that between the arches of its vaults, there are six oblong panels of bas-relief.

Two of these are the earliest pieces of real Venetian work I know of, to show you; but before beginning with them, you must see a piece done by her Greek masters.

Go round therefore to the side farthest from the sea, where, in the first broad arch, you will see a panel of like shape, set horizontally; the sculpture of which represents twelve sheep, six on one side, six on the other, of a throne: on which throne is set a cross; and on the top of the cross a circle; and in the circle, a little caprioling creature.

And outside of all, are two palm trees, one on each side; and under each palm tree, two baskets of dates; and over the twelve sheep, is written in delicate Greek letters "The holy Apostles;" and over the little caprioling creature, "The Lamb."

Take your glass and study the carving of this bas-relief intently. It is full of sweet care, subtlety, tenderness of touch, and mind; and fine cadence and change of line in the little bowing heads and bending leaves. Decorative in the extreme; a kind of stone-stitching, or sampler-work, done with the innocence of a girl's heart, and in a like unlearned fulness. Here is a Christian man, bringing order and loveliness into the mere furrows of stone. Not by any means as learned as a butcher, in the joints of lambs; nor as a grocer, in baskets of dates; nor as a gardener, in endogenous plants: but an artist to the heart's core; and no less true a lover of Christ and His word. Helpless, with his childish art, to carve Christ, he carves a cross, and caprioling little thing in a ring at the

top of it. You may try—you—to carve Christ, if you can. Helpless to conceive the Twelve Apostles, these nevertheless are sacred letters for the bearers of the Gospel of Peace.

Of such men Venice learned to touch the stone;—to become a Lapieida, and furrower of the marble as well as the sea.

Now let us go back to that panel on the left side of the central arch in front.*

This, you see, is no more a symbolical sculpture, but quite distinctly pictorial, and laboriously ardent to express, though in very low relief, a curly-haired personage, handsome, and something like George the Fourth, dressed in richest Roman armor, and sitting in an absurd manner, more or less tailor-fashion, if not cross-legged himself, at least on a conspicuously cross-legged piece of splendid furniture; which, after deciphering the Chinese, or engineer's isometrical, perspective of it, you may perceive to be only a gorgeous pic-nic or drawing-stool, apparently of portable character, such as are bought (more for luxury than labor,—for the real working apparatus is your tripod) at Messrs. Newman's, or Winsor and Newton's.

Apparently portable, I say; by no means intended as

* Generally note, when I say 'right' or 'left' side of a church or chapel, I mean, either as you enter, or as you look to the altar. It is not safe to say 'north and south,' for Italian churches stand all round the compass; and besides, the phrase would be false of lateral chapels. Transepts are awkward, because often they have an altar instead of an entrance at their ends; it will be least confusing to treat them always as large lateral chapels, and place them in the series of such chapels at the sides of the nave, calling the sides right and left as you look either from the nave into the chapels, or from the nave's centre to the rose window, or other termination of transept.

such by the sculptor. Intended for a most permanent and magnificent throne of state; nothing less than a derived form of that Greek *Thronos*, in which you have seen set the cross of the Lamb. Yes; and of the Tyrian and Judæan *Thronos*—Solomon's, which it frightened the queen of Sheba to see him sitting on. Yes; and of the Egyptian throne of eternal granite, on which colossal Memnon sits, melodious to morning light,—son of Aurora. Yes; and of the throne of Isis-Madonna, and, mightier yet than she, as we return towards the nativity of queens and kings. We must keep at present to our own poor little modern, practical saint—sitting on his portable throne (as at the side of the opera when extra people are let in who shouldn't be); only seven hundred years old. To this cross-legged apparatus the Egyptian throne had dwindled down; it looks even as if the saint who sits on it might begin to think about getting up some day or other.

All the more when you know who he is. Can you read the letters of his name, written beside him?—

SĪS

GEORGIVS

—Mr. Emerson's purveyor of bacon, no less! * And he *does* look like getting up, when you observe him farther. Unsheathing his sword, is not he?

No; sheathing it. That was the difficult thing he had first to do, as you will find on reading the true legend of him, which *this* sculptor thoroughly knew; in whose conception of the saint one perceives the date of said sculp-

* See *Fors Clavigera* of February, 1873, containing the legend of St. George. This, with the other numbers of *Fors* referred to in the text of 'St. Mark's Rest,' may be bought at Venice, together with it.

tor, no less than in the stiff work, so dimly yet perceptive of the ordinary laws of the aspect of things. From the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon—through sixteen hundred years of effort, and speech-making, and fighting—human intelligence in the Arts has arrived, here in Venice, thus far. But having got so far, we shall come to something fresh soon! We have become distinctly representative again, you see; desiring to show, not a mere symbol of a living man, but the man himself, as truly as the poor stone-cutter can carve him. All bonds of tyrannous tradition broken;—the legend kept, in faith yet; but the symbol become natural; a real armed knight, the best he could form a notion of; curly-haired and handsome; and, his also the boast of Dogberry, every thing handsome about him. Thus far has Venice got in her art schools of the early thirteenth century. I can date this sculpture to that time, pretty closely; earlier, it may be,—not later; see afterwards the notes closing this chapter.

And now, if you so please, we will walk under the clock-tower, and down the Merceria, as straight as we can go. There is a little crook to the right, bringing us opposite St. Julian's church (which, please, don't stop to look at just now); then, sharply, to the left again, and we come to the Ponte de' Baratteri,—“Rogue's Bridge”—on which, as especially a grateful bridge to English business-feelings, let us reverently pause. It has been widened lately, you observe,—the use of such bridge being greatly increased in these times; and in a convenient angle, out of passenger current (may you find such wayside withdrawal in true life), you may stop to look back at the house immediately above the bridge.

In the wall of which you will see a horizontal panel of

bas-relief, with two shields on each side, bearing six fleur-de-lys. And this you need not, I suppose, look for letters on, to tell you its subject. Here is St. George indeed!—our own beloved old sign of the George and Dragon, all correct; and, if you know your Seven champions, Sabra too, on the rock, thrilled witness of the fight. And see what a dainty St. George, too! Here is no mere tailor's enthronement. — Eques, ipso melior Bellerophonti,—how he sits!—how he holds his lance!—how brightly youthful the crisp hair under his light cap of helm,—how deftly curled the fringe of his horse's crest,—how vigorous in disciplined career of accustomed conquest, the two noble living creatures! This is Venetian fifteenth century work of finest style. Outside-of-house work, of course: we compare at present outside work only, panel with panel: but here are three hundred years of art progress—written for you, in two pages,—from early thirteenth to late fifteenth century; and in this little bas-relief is all to be seen, that can be, of elementary principle, in the very crest and pride of Venetian sculpture,—of which note these following points.

First, the aspirations of the front of St. Mark's have been entirely achieved, and though the figure is still symbolical, it is now a symbol consisting in the most literal realization possible of natural facts. That is the way, if you care to see it, that a young knight rode, in 1480, or thereabouts. So, his foot was set in stirrup,—so his body borne,—so trim and true and orderly every thing in his harness and his life: and this rendered, observe, with the most consummate precision of artistic touch. Look at the strap of the stirrup,—at the little delicatest line of the spur,—can you think they are stone? don't they look like

leather and steel? His flying mantle,—is it not silk more than marble? That is all in the beautiful doing of it: precision first in exquisite sight of the thing itself, and understanding of the qualities and signs, whether of silk or steel; and then, precision of touch, and cunning in use of material, which it had taken three hundred years to learn. Think what cunning there is in getting such edge to the marble as will represent the spur line, or strap leather, with such solid under-support that, from 1480 till now, it stands rain and frost! And for knowledge of form,—look at the way the little princess's foot comes out under the drapery as she shrinks back. Look at it first from the left, to see how it is foreshortened, flat on the rock; then from the right, to see the curve of dress up the limb:—think of the difference between this and the feet of poor St. George Sartor of St. Mark's, pointed down all their length. Finally, see how studious the whole thing is of beauty in every part,—how it expects *you* also to be studious. Trace the rich tresses of the princess's hair, wrought where the figure melts into shadow;—the sharp edges of the dragon's mail, slipping over each other as he wrings neck and coils tail;—nay, what decorative ordering and symmetry is even in the roughness of the ground and rock! And lastly, see how the whole piece of work, to the simplest frame of it, must be by the sculptor's own hand: see how he breaks the line of his panel moulding with the princess's hair, with St. George's helmet, with the rough ground itself at the base;—the entire tablet varied to its utmost edge, delighted in and ennobled to its extreme limit of substance.

Here, then, as I said, is the top of Venetian sculpture-art. Was there no going beyond this, think you?

Assuredly, much beyond this the Venetian could have gone, had he gone straight forward. But at this point he became perverse, and there is one sign of evil in this piece, which you must carefully discern.

In the two earlier sculptures, of the sheep, and the throned St. George, the artist never meant to say that twelve sheep ever stood in two such rows, and were the twelve apostles; nor that St. George ever sat in that manner in a splendid chair. But he entirely believed in the facts of the lives of the apostles and saints, symbolized by such figuring.

But the fifteenth century sculptor *does*, partly, mean to assert that St. George did in that manner kill a dragon: does not clearly know whether he did or not; does not care very much whether he did or not;—thinks it will be very nice if, at any rate, people believe that he did;—but is more bent, in the heart of him, on making a pretty bas-relief than on any thing else.

Half way to infidelity, the fine gentleman is, with all his dainty chiselling. We will see, on those terms, what, in another century, this fine chiselling comes to.

So now walk on, down the Merceria di San Salvador. Presently, if it is morning, and the sky clear, you will see, at the end of the narrow little street, the brick apse of St. Saviour's, warm against the blue; and, if you stand close to the right, a solemn piece of old Venetian wall and window on the opposite side of the calle, which you might pass under twenty times without seeing, if set on the study of shops only. Then you must turn to the right; perforce,—to the left again; and now to the left, once more; and you are in the little piazza of St. Salvador, with a building in front of you, now occupied as a fur-

niture store, which you will please look at with attention.

It reminds you of many things at home, I suppose?—has a respectable, old-fashioned, city-of-London look about it;—something of Greenwich Hospital, of Temple Bar, of St. Paul's, of Charles the Second and the Constitution, and the Lord Mayor and Mr. Bumble? Truly English, in many respects, this solidly rich front of Ionic pillars, with the four angels on the top, rapturously directing your attention, by the gracefulest gesticulation, to the higher figure in the centre!

You have advanced another hundred and fifty years, and are in mid seventeenth century. Here is the 'Progresso' of Venice, exhibited to you, in consequence of her wealth, and gay life, and advance in anatomical and other sciences.

Of which, note first, the display of her knowledge of angelic anatomy. Sabra, on the rock, just showed her foot beneath her robe, and that only because she was drawing back, frightened; but, here, every angel has his petticoats cut up to his thighs; he is not sufficiently sacred or sublime unless you see his legs so high.

Secondly, you see how expressive are their attitudes,—“What a wonderful personage is this we have got in the middle of us!”

That is Raphael's art of the finest. Raphael, by this time, had taught the connoisseurs of Europe that whenever you admire anybody, you open your mouth and eyes wide; when you wish to show him to somebody else you point at him vigorously with one arm, and wave the somebody else on with the other; when you have nothing to do of that sort, you stand on one leg and hold up the

other in a graceful line ; these are the methods of true dramatic expression. Your drapery, meanwhile, is to be arranged in "sublime masses," and is not to be suggestive of any particular stuff !

If you study the drapery of these four angels thoroughly, you can scarcely fail of knowing, henceforward, what a bad drapery is, to the end of time. Here is drapery supremely, exquisitely bad ; it is impossible, by any contrivance, to get it worse. Merely clumsy, ill-cut clothing, you may see any day ; but there is skill enough in this to make it exemplarily execrable. That flabby flutter, wrinkled swelling, and puffed pomp of infinite disorder ;—the only action of it, being blown up, and away ; the only calm of it, collapse ;—the resolution of every miserable fold not to fall, if it can help it, into any natural line,—the running of every lump of it into the next, as dough sticks to dough—remaining, not less, evermore incapable of any harmony or following of each other's lead or way ;—and the total rejection of all notion of beauty or use in the stuff itself. It is stuff without thickness, without fineness, without warmth, without coolness, without lustre, without texture ; not silk,—not linen,—not woollen ;—something that wrings, and wrinkles, and gets between legs,—that is all. Worse drapery than this, you cannot see in mortal investiture.

Nor worse *want* of drapery, neither—for the legs are as ungraceful as the robes that discover them ; and the breast of the central figure, whom all the angels admire, is packed under its corslet like a hamper of tomata apples.

To this type the Venetians have now brought their symbol of divine life in man. For this is also—St. Theo-

dore! And the respectable building below, in the Bumble style, is the last effort of his school of Venetian gentlemen to house themselves respectably. With Ionic capitals, bare-legged angels, and the Dragon, now square-headed and blunt-nosed, they thus contrive their last club-house, and prepare, for resuscitated Italy, in continued 'Progresso,' a stately furniture store. Here you may buy cruciform stools, indeed! and patent oilcloths, and other supports of your Venetian worshipful dignity, to heart's content. Here is your God's Gift to the nineteenth century. "Deposito mobili nazionali ed esteri; quadri; libri antichi e moderni, ed oggetti diversi."

Nevertheless, through all this decline in power and idea, there is yet, let us note finally, some wreck of Christian intention, some feeble coloring of Christian faith. A saint is still held to be an admirable person; he is practically still the patron of your fashionable club-house, where you meet to offer him periodical prayer and alms. This architecture is, seriously, the best you can think of; those angels are handsome, according to your notions of personality; their attitudes really are such as you suppose to be indicative of celestial rapture,—their features, of celestial disposition.

We will see what change another fifty years will bring about in these faded feelings of Venetian soul.

The little calle on your right, as you front St. Theodore, will bring you straight to the quay below the Rialto, where your gondola shall be waiting, to take you as far as the bridge over the Cannareggio under the Palazzo Labia. Stay your gondola before passing under it, and look carefully at the sculptured ornaments of the arch, and then at the correspondent ones on the other side.

In these you see the last manner of sculpture, executed by Venetian artists, according to the mind of Venice, for her own pride and pleasure. Much she has done since, of art-work, to sell to strangers, executed as she thinks will please the *stranger* best. But of art produced for *her own* joy and in her own honor, this is a chosen example of the last !

Not representing saintly persons, you see ; nor angels in attitudes of admiration. Quite other personages than angelic, and with expressions of any thing rather than affection or respect for aught of good, in earth or heaven. Such were the last imaginations of her polluted heart, before death. She had it no more in her power to conceive any other. "Behold thy last gods,"—the Fates compel her thus to gaze and perish.

This last stage of her intellectual death precedes her political one by about a century ; during the last half of which, however, she did little more than lay foundations of walls which she could not complete. Virtually, we may close her national history with the seventeenth century ; we shall not ourselves follow it even so far.

I have shown you, to-day, pieces of her art-work by which you may easily remember its cardinal divisions.

You saw first the work of her Greek masters, under whom she learned both her faith and art.

Secondly, the beginning of her own childish efforts, in the St. George enthroned.

Thirdly, the culmination of her skill in the St. George combatant.

Fourthly, the languor of her faith and art power, under the advance of her luxury, in the hypocrisy of St. Theodore's Scuola, now a furniture warehouse.

Lastly, her dotage before shameful death.

In the next chapter, I will mark, by their natural limits, the epochs of her political history, which correspond to these conditions of her knowledge, hope, and imagination.

But as you return home, and again pass before the porches of St. Mark's, I may as well say at once what I can of these six bas-reliefs between them.

On the sides of the great central arch are St. George and St. Demetrius, so inscribed in Latin. Between the next lateral porches, the Virgin and Archangel Gabriel, so inscribed,—the Archangel in Latin, the "Mother of God" in Greek.

And between these and the outer porches, uninscribed, two of the labors of Hercules. I am much doubtful concerning these, myself,—do not know their manner of sculpture, nor understand their meaning. They are fine work; the Venetian antiquaries say, very early (sixth century); types, it may be, of physical human power prevailing over wild nature; the war of the world before Christ.

Then the Madonna and Angel of Annunciation express the Advent.

Then the two Christian Warrior Saints express the heart of Venice in her armies.

There is no doubt, therefore, of the purposeful choosing and placing of these bas-reliefs. Where the outer ones were brought from, I know not; the four inner ones, I think, are all contemporary, and carved for their place by the Venetian scholars of the Greek schools, in late twelfth or early thirteenth century.

My special reason for assigning this origin to them is the manner of the foliage under the feet of the Gabriel,

in which is the origin of all the early foliage in the Gothic of Venice. This bas-relief, however, appears to be by a better master than the others—perhaps later; and is of extreme beauty.

Of the ruder St. George, and successive sculptures of Evangelists on the north side, I cannot yet speak with decision; nor would you, until we have followed the story of Venice farther, probably care to hear.

CHAPTER V.

THE SHADOW ON THE DIAL.

THE history of Venice, then, divides itself into four quite distinct periods.

I. The first, in which the fugitives from many cities on the mainland, gathered themselves into one nation, dependent for existence on its labor upon the sea; and which develops itself, by that labor, into a race distinct in temper from all the other families of Christendom. This process of growth and mental formation is necessarily a long one, the result being so great. It takes roughly, seven hundred years—from the fifth to the eleventh century, both inclusive. Accurately, from the Annunciation day, March 25th, 421, to the day of St. Nicholas, December 6th, 1100.

At the close of this epoch Venice had fully learned Christianity from the Greeks, chivalry from the Normans, and the laws of human life and toil from the ocean. Prudently and nobly proud, she stood, a helpful and wise princess, highest in counsel and mightiest in deed, among the knightly powers of the world.

II. The second period is that of her great deeds in war, and of the establishment of her reign in justice and truth (the best at least that she knew of either), over, nominally, the fourth part of the former Roman Empire. It includes the whole of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries,

and is chiefly characterized by the religious passion of the Crusades. It lasts, in accurate terms, from December 6th, 1100, to February 28th, 1297; but as the event of that day was not confirmed till three years afterwards, we get the fortunately precise terminal date of 1301.

III. The third period is that of religious meditation, as distinct, though not withdrawn from, religious action. It is marked by the establishment of schools of kindly civil order, and by its endeavors to express, in word and picture, the thoughts which until then had wrought in silence. The entire body of her noble art-work belongs to this time. It includes the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and twenty years more : from 1301* to 1520.

IV. The fourth period is that of the luxurious use, and display, of the powers attained by the labor and meditation of former times, but now applied without either labor or meditation:—religion, art, and literature, having become things of custom and “costume.” It spends, in eighty years, the fruits of the toil of a thousand, and terminates, strictly, with the death of Tintoret, in 1594; we will say 1600.

From that day the remainder of the record of Venice is only the diary of expiring delirium, and by those who love her, will be traced no farther. But while you are here within her walls I will endeavor to interpret clearly to you the legends on them, in which she has herself related the passions of her Four Ages.

And see how easily they are to be numbered and remembered. Twelve hundred years in all; divided—if, broadly, we call the third period two centuries, and the

* Compare ‘Stones of Venice’ (old edit.), vol. ii., p. 291.

fourth, one,—in diminishing proportion, 7, 2, 2, 1 : it is like the spiral of a shell, reversed.

I have in this first sketch of them distinguished these four ages by the changes in the chief element of every nation's mind—its religion, with the consequent results upon its art. But you see I have made no mention whatever of all that common historians think it their primal business to discourse of,—policy, government, commercial prosperity ! One of my dates however is determined by a crisis of internal policy ; and I will at least note, as the material instrumentation of the spiritual song, the metamorphoses of state-order which accompanied, in each transition, the new nativities of the state's heart.

I. During the first period, which completes the binding of many tribes into one, and the softening of savage faith into intelligent Christianity, we see the gradual establishment of a more and more distinctly virtuous monarchic authority ; continually disputed, and often abused, but purified by every reign into stricter duty, and obeyed by every generation with more sacred regard. At the close of this epoch, the helpful presence of God, and the leading powers of the standard-bearer Saint, and sceptre-bearing King, are vitally believed ; reverently, and to the death, obeyed. And, in the eleventh century, the Palace of the Duke and lawgiver of the people, and his Chapel, enshrining the body of St. Mark, stand, bright with marble and gold, side by side.

II. In the second period, that of active Christian warfare, there separates itself from the mass of the people, chiefly by pre-eminence in knightly achievement, and persistence in patriotic virtue,—but also, by the intellectual training received in the conduct of great foreign enter-

prise, and maintenance of legislation among strange people,—an order of aristocracy, raised both in wisdom and valor greatly above the average level of the multitude, and gradually joining to the traditions of Patrician Rome, the domestic refinements, and imaginative sanctities, of the northern and Frankish chivalry, whose chiefs were their battle comrades. At the close of the epoch, this more sternly educated class determines to assume authority in the government of the State, unswayed by the humor, and unhindered by the ignorance, of the lower classes of the people ; and the year which I have assigned for the accurate close of the second period is that of the great division between nobles and plebeians, called by the Venetians the “Closing of the Council,”—the restriction, that is to say, of the powers of the Senate to the lineal aristocracy.

III. The third period shows us the advance of this now separate body of Venetian gentlemen in such thought and passion as the privilege of their position admitted, or its temptations provoked. The gradually increasing knowledge of literature, culminating at last in the discovery of printing, and revival of classic formulæ of method, modified by reflection, or dimmed by disbelief, the frank Christian faith of earlier ages ; and social position independent of military prowess, developed at once the ingenuity, frivolity, and vanity of the scholar, with the avarice and cunning of the merchant.

Protected and encouraged by a senate thus composed, distinct companies of craftsmen, wholly of the people, gathered into vowed fraternities of social order ; and, retaining the illiterate sincerities of their religion, labored in unambitious peace, under the orders of the philosophic

aristocracy ;—built for them their great palaces, and overlaid their walls, within and without, with gold and purple of Tyre, precious now in Venetian hands as the colors of heaven more than of the sea. By the hand of one of them, the picture of Venice, with her nobles in her streets, at the end of this epoch, is preserved to you as yet, and I trust will be, by the kind fates, preserved datelessly.

IV. In the fourth period, the discovery of printing having confused literature into vociferation, and the delicate skill of the craftsman having provoked splendor into lasciviousness, the jubilant and coruscant passions of the nobles, stately yet in the forms of religion, but scornful of her discipline, exhausted, in their own false honor, at once the treasures of Venice and her skill ; reduced at last her people to misery, and her policy to shame, and smoothed for themselves the downward way to the abdication of their might for evermore.

Now these two histories of the religion and policy of Venice are only intense abstracts of the same course of thought and events in every nation of Europe. Throughout the whole of Christendom, the two stories in like manner proceed together. The acceptance of Christianity—the practice of it—the abandonment of it—and moral ruin. The development of kingly authority,—the obedience to it—the corruption of it—and social ruin. But there is no evidence that the first of these courses of national fate is vitally connected with the second. That infidel kings may be just, and Christian ones corrupt, was the first lesson Venice learned when she began to be a scholar.

And observe there are three quite distinct conditions of feeling and assumptions of theory in which we may ap-

proach this matter. The first, that of our numerous cockney friends,—that the dukes of Venice were mostly hypocrites, and if not, fools; that their pious zeal was merely such a cloak for their commercial appetite as modern church-going is for modern swindling; or else a pitiable hallucination and puerility:—that really the attention of the supreme cockney mind would be wasted on such bygone absurdities, and that out of mere respect for the common sense of monkey-born-and-bred humanity, the less we say of them the better.

The second condition of feeling is, in its full confession, a very rare one;—that of true respect for the Christian faith, and sympathy with the passions and imaginations it excited, while yet in security of modern enlightenment, the observer regards the faith itself only as an exquisite dream of mortal childhood, and the acts of its votaries as a beautifully deceived heroism of vain hope.

This theory of the splendid mendacity of Heaven, and majestic somnambulism of man, I have only known to be held in the sincere depth of its discomfort, by one of my wisest and dearest friends, under the pressure of uncomprehended sorrow in his own personal experience. But to some extent it confuses or undermines the thoughts of nearly all men who have been interested in the material investigations of recent physical science, while retaining yet imagination and understanding enough to enter into the heart of the religious and creative ages.

And it necessarily takes possession of the spirit of such men chiefly at the times of personal sorrow, which teach even to the wisest, the hollowness of their best trust, and the vanity of their dearest visions; and when the epitaph

of all human virtue, and sum of human peace, seem to be written in the lowly argument,—

“ We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.”

The third, the only modest, and therefore the only rational, theory, is, that we are all and always, in these as in former ages, deceived by our own guilty passions, blinded by our own obstinate wills, and misled by the insolence and fantasy of our ungoverned thoughts; but that there is verily a Divinity in nature which has shaped the rough hewn deeds of our weak human effort, and revealed itself in rays of broken, but of eternal light, to the souls which have desired to see the day of the Son of Man.

By the more than miraculous fatality which has been hitherto permitted to rule the course of the kingdoms of this world, the men who are capable of accepting such faith, are rarely able to read the history of nations by its interpretation. They nearly all belong to some one of the passionately egoistic sects of Christianity; and are miserably perverted into the missionary service of their own schism; eager only, in the records of the past, to gather evidence to the advantage of their native persuasion, and to the disgrace of all opponent forms of similar heresy; or, that is to say, in every case, of nine-tenths of the religion of this world.

With no less thankfulness for the lesson, than shame for what it showed, I have myself been forced to recognize the degree in which all my early work on Venetian history was paralyzed by this petulance of sectarian egoism; and it is among the chief advantages I possess for

the task now undertaken in my closing years, that there are few of the errors against which I have to warn my readers, into which I have not myself at some time fallen. Of which errors, the chief, and cause of all the rest, is the leaning on our own understanding; the thought that we can measure the hearts of our brethren, and judge of the ways of God. Of the hearts of men, noble, yet "deceitful above all things, who can know them?"—that infinitely perverted scripture is yet infinitely true. And for the ways of God! Oh, my good and gentle reader, how much otherwise would not you and I have made this world?

CHAPTER VI.

RED AND WHITE CLOUDS.

Not, therefore, to lean on our own sense, but in all the strength it has, to use it; not to be captives to our private thoughts, but to dwell in them, without wandering, until, out of the chambers of our own hearts we begin to conceive what labyrinth is in those of others,—thus we have to prepare ourselves, good reader, for the reading of any history.

If but we may at last succeed in reading a little of our own, and discerning what scene of the world's drama we are set to play in,—drama whose tenor, tragic or other, seemed of old to rest with so few actors; but now, with this pantomimic mob upon the stage, can you make out any of the story?—prove, even in your own heart, how much you believe that there is any Playwright behind the scenes?

Such a wild dream as it is!—nay, as it always has been, except in momentary fits of consciousness, and instants of startled spirit,—perceptive of heaven. For many centuries the Knights of Christendom wore their religion gay as their crest, familiar as their gauntlet, shook it high in the summer air, hurled it fiercely in other people's faces, grasped their spear the firmer for it, sat their horses the prouder; but it never entered into their minds for an instant to ask the meaning of it! 'Forgive us our sins:' by

all means—yes, and the next garrison that holds out a day longer than is convenient to us, hang them every man to his battlement. ‘Give us this day our daily bread,’—yes, and our neighbor’s also, if we have any luck. ‘Our Lady and the saints!’ Is there any infidel dog that doubts of them?—in God’s name, boot and spur—and let us have the head off him. It went on so, frankly and bravely, to the twelfth century, at the earliest; when men begin to think in a serious manner; more or less of gentle manners and domestic comfort being also then conceivable and attainable. Rosamond is not any more asked to drink out of her father’s skull. Rooms begin to be matted and wainscoted; shops to hold store of marvellous foreign wares; knights and ladies learn to spell, and to read, with pleasure; music is everywhere;—Death, also. Much to enjoy—much to learn, and to endure—with Death always at the gates. “If war fail thee in thine own country, get thee with haste into another,” says the faithful old French knight to the boy-chevalier, in early fourteenth century days.

No country stays more than two centuries in this intermediate phase between Faith and Reason. In France it lasted from about 1150 to 1350; in England, 1200 to 1400; in Venice, 1300 to 1500. The course of it is always in the gradual development of Christianity,—till her yoke gets at once too aerial, and too straight, for the mob, who break through it at last as if it were so much gossamer; and at the same fatal time, wealth and luxury, with the vanity of corrupt learning, foul the faith of the upper classes, who now begin to wear their Christianity, not tossed for a crest high over their armor, but stuck as a plaster over their sores, inside of their clothes. Then comes printing, and universal gabble of fools; gunpow-

der, and the end of all the noble methods of war; trade, and universal swindling; wealth, and universal gambling; idleness, and universal liarlotry; and so at last—Modern Science and Political Economy; and the reign of St. Petroleum instead of St. Peter. Out of which God only knows what is to come next; but He *does* know, whatever the Jew swindlers and apothecaries' 'prentices think about it.

Meantime, with what remainder of belief in Christ may be left in us; and helping that remnant with all the power we have of imagining what Christianity was, to people who, without understanding its claims or its meaning, did not doubt for an instant its statements of fact, and used the whole of their childish imagination to realize the acts of their Saviour's life, and the presence of His angels, let us draw near to the first sandy thresholds of the Venetian's home.

Before you read any of the so-called historical events of the first period, I want you to have some notion of their scene. You will hear of Tribunes—Consuls—Doges; but what sort of tribes were they tribunes of? what sort of nation were they dukes of? You will hear of brave naval battle—victory over sons of Emperors: what manner of people were they, then, whose swords lighten thus brightly in the dawn of chivalry?

For the whole of her first seven hundred years of work and war, Venice was in great part a wooden town; the houses of the noble mainland families being for long years chiefly at Heraclea, and on other islands; nor they magnificent, but farm-villas mostly, of which, and their farming, more presently. Far too much stress has been generally laid on the fishing and salt-works of early Venice,

as if they were her only businesses ; nevertheless at least you may be sure of this much, that for seven hundred years Venice had more likeness in her to old Yarmouth than to new Pall Mall ; and that you might come to shrewder guess of what she and her people were like, by living for a year or two lovingly among the herring-catchers of Yarmouth Roads, or the boatmen of Deal or Boscastle, than by reading any lengths of eloquent history. But you are to know also, and remember always, that this amphibious city—this Phocæa, or sea-dog of towns—looking with soft human eyes at you from the sand, Proteus himself latent in the salt-smelling skin of her—had fields, and plots of garden here and there ; and, far and near, sweet woods of Calypso, graceful with quivering sprays, for woof of nests—gaunt with forked limbs for ribs of ships ; had good milk and butter from familiarly couchant cows ; thickets wherein familiar birds could sing ; and finally was observant of clouds and sky, as pleasant and useful phenomena. And she had at due distances among her simple dwellings, stately churches of marble.

These things you may know, if you will, from the following “quite ridiculous” tradition, which, ridiculous as it may be, I will beg you for once to read, since the Doge Andrea Dandolo wrote it for you, with the attention due to the address of a Venetian gentleman, and a King.*

“As head and bishop of the islands, the Bishop Mag-

* A more graceful form of this legend has been translated with feeling and care by the Countess Isobel Cholmley, in *Bermani*, from an MS. in her possession, copied, I believe, from one of the tenth century. But I take the form in which it was written by Andrea Dandolo, that the reader may have more direct associations with the beautiful image of the Doge on his tomb in the Baptistery.

nus of Altinum went from place to place to give them comfort, saying that they ought to thank God for having escaped from these barbarian cruelties. And there appeared to him St. Peter, ordering him that in the head of Venice, or truly of the city of Rivoalto, where he should find oxen and sheep feeding, he was to build a church under his (St. Peter's) name. And thus he did ; building St. Peter's Church in the island of Olivolo, where at present is the seat and cathedral church of Venice.

"Afterwards appeared to him the angel Raphael, committing it to him, that at another place, where he should find a number of birds together, he should build him a church : and so he did, which is the church of the Angel Raphael in Dorsoduro.

"Afterwards appeared to him Messer Jesus Christ our Lord, and committed to him that in the midst of the city he should build a church, in the place, above which he should see a red cloud rest : and so he did ; and it is San Salvador.

"Afterwards appeared to him the most holy Mary the Virgin, very beautiful ; and commanded him that where he should see a white cloud rest, he should build a church : which is the church of St. Mary the Beautiful.

"Yet still appeared to him St. John the Baptist, commanding that he should build two churches, one near the other—the one to be in his name, and the other in the name of his father. Which he did, and they are San Giovanni in Bragola, and San Zaccaria.

"Then appeared to him the apostles of Christ, wishing, they also, to have a church in this new city ; and they committed it to him that where he should see twelve cranes in a company, there he should build it. Lastly

appeared to him the blessed Virgin Giustina, and ordered him that where he should find vines bearing fresh fruits there he should build her a church."

Now this legend is quite one of the most precious things in the story of Venice: preserved for us in this form at the end of the fourteenth century, by one of her most highly educated gentlemen, it shows the very heart of her religious and domestic power, and assures for us, with other evidence, these following facts.

First; that a certain measure of pastoral home-life was mingled with Venice's training of her sailors;—evidence whereof remains to this day, in the unfailing 'Campo' round every church; the church 'meadow'—not church-yard.' It happened to me, once in my life, to go to church in a state of very great happiness and peace of mind; and this in a very small and secluded country church. And Fors would have it that I should get a seat in the chancel; and the day was sunny, and the little side chancel-door was open opposite into, what I hope was a field. I saw no graves in it; but in the sunshine, sheep feeding. And I never was at so divine a church service before, nor have been since. If you will read the opening of Wordsworth's 'White Doe of Rylstone,' and can enjoy it, you may learn from it what the look of an old Venetian church would be, with its surrounding field. St. Mark's Place was only the meadow of St. Theodore's church, in those days.

Next—you observe the care and watching of animals. That is still a love in the heart of Venice. One of the chief little worries to me in my work here, is that I walk faster than the pigeons are used to have people walk; and

am continually like to tread on them ; and see story in Fors, March of this year, of the gondolier and his dog. Nay, though, the other day, I was greatly tormented at the public gardens, in the early morning, when I had counted on a quiet walk, by a cluster of boys who were chasing the first twittering birds of the spring from bush to bush, and throwing sand at them, with wild shouts and whistles, they were not doing it, as I at first thought, in mere mischief, but with hope of getting a penny or two to gamble with, if they could clog the poor little creatures' wings enough to bring one down—"Canta bene, signor, quell' uccellino." Such the nineteenth century's reward of Song. Meantime, among the silvery gleams of islet tower on the lagoon horizon, beyond Mazorbo—a white ray flashed from the place where St. Francis preached to the Birds.

Then thirdly—note that curious observance of the color of clouds. That is gone, indeed ; and no Venetian, or Italian, or Frenchman, or Englishman, is likely to know or care, more, whether any God-given cloud is white or red ; the primal effort of his entire human existence being now to vomit out the biggest black one he can pollute the heavens with. But, in their rough way, there was yet a perception in the old fishermen's eyes of the difference between white 'nebbia' on the morning sea, and red clouds in the evening twilight. And the Stella Maris comes in the sea Cloud ;—Leucothea : but the Son of Man on the jasper throne.

Thus much of the aspect, and the thoughts of earliest Venice, we may gather from one tradition, carefully read. What historical evidence exists to confirm the gathering, you shall see in a little while ; meantime—such being the

scene of the opening drama—we must next consider somewhat of the character of the actors. For though what manner of houses they had, has been too little known, what manner of men they were, has not at all been known, or even the reverse of known,—belied.

CHAPTER VII.

DIVINE RIGHT.

ARE you impatient with me? and do you wish me, ceasing preamble, to begin—‘In the year this, happened that,’ and set you down a page of dates and Doges to be learned off by rote? You must be denied such delight a little while longer. If I begin dividing this first period, at present (and it has very distinctly articulated joints of its own), we should get confused between the subdivided and the great epochs. I must keep your thoughts to the Three Times, till we know them clearly; and in this chapter I am only going to tell you the story of a single Doge of the First Time, and gather what we can out of it.

Only, since we have been hitherto dwelling on the soft and religiously sentimental parts of early Venetian character, it is needful that I should ask you to notice one condition in their government of a quite contrary nature, which historians usually pass by as if it were of no consequence; namely, that during this first period, five Doges, after being deposed, had their eyes put out.

Pulled out, say some writers, and I think with evidence reaching down as far as the endurance on our English stage of the blinding of Gloster in King Lear.

But at all events the Dukes of Venice, whom her people thought to have failed in their duty, were in that manner incapacitated from reigning more.

An Eastern custom, as we know: grave in judgment;

in the perfectness of it, joined with infliction of grievous Sight, before the infliction of grievous Blindness; that so the last memory of this world's light might remain a grief. "And they slew the sons of Zedekiah before his eyes; and put out the eyes of Zedekiah."

Custom I know not how ancient. The sons of Eliab, when Judah was young in her Exodus, like Venice, appealed to it in their fury: "Is it a small thing that thou hast brought us up out of a land that floweth with milk and honey, except thou make thyself altogether a Prince over us; wilt thou put out the eyes of these men?"

The more wild Western races of Christianity, early Irish and the like,—Norman even, in the pirate times,—inflict the penalty with reckless scorn; * but Venice deliberately, as was her constant way; such her practical law against leaders whom she had found spiritually blind: "These, at least, shall guide no more."

Very savage! monstrous! if you will; whether it be not a worse savageness deliberately to follow leaders *without* sight, may be debatable.

The Doge whose history I am going to tell you was the last of deposed Kings in the first epoch. Not blinded,

* Or sometimes pitifully: "Olaf was by no means an unmerciful man,—much the reverse where he saw good cause. There was a wicked old King Rærik, for example, one of those five kinglets whom, with their bits of armaments, Olaf, by stratagem, had surrounded one night, and at once bagged and subjected when morning rose, all of them consenting;—all of them except this Rærik, whom Olaf, as the readiest sure course, took home with him; blinded, and kept in his own house, finding there was no alternative but that or death to the obstinate old dog, who was a kind of distant cousin withal, and could not conscientiously be killed"—(Carlyle,—'Early Kings of Norway,' p. 121)—conscience, and kin-ship, or "kindliness," declining somewhat in the Norman heart afterwards.

he, as far as I read: but permitted, I trust peaceably, to become a monk; Venice owing to him much that has been the delight of her own and other people's eyes, ever since. Respecting the occasion of his dethronement, a story remains, however, very notably in connection with this manner of punishment.

Venice, throughout this first period in close alliance with the Greeks, sent her Doge, in the year 1082, with a "valid fleet, terrible in its most ordered disposition," to defend the Emperor Alexis against the Normans, led by the greatest of all Western captains, Guiscard.

The Doge defeated him in naval battle once; and, on the third day after, once again, and so conclusively, that, thinking the debate ended, he sent his lightest ships home, and anchored on the Albanian coast with the rest, as having done his work.

But Guiscard, otherwise minded on that matter, with the remains of his fleet,—and his Norman temper at hottest,—attacked him for the third time. The Greek allied ships fled. The Venetian ones, partly disabled, had no advantage in their seamanship: * question only remained, after the battle, how the Venetians should bear themselves as prisoners. Guiscard put out the eyes of some; then, with such penalty impending over the rest, demanded that they should make peace with the Normans, and fight for the Greek Emperor no more.

But the Venetians answered, "Know thou, Duke Robert, that although also *we should see our wives and children slain*, we will not deny our covenants with the

* Their crews had eaten all their stores, and their ships were flying light, and would not steer well.

Autocrat Alexis ; neither will we cease to help him, and to fight for him with our whole hearts."

The Norman chief sent them home unransomed.

There is a highwater mark for you of the waves of Venetian and Western chivalry in the eleventh century. A very notable scene ; the northern leader, without rival the greatest soldier of the sea whom our rocks and ice-bergs bred : of the Venetian one, and his people, we will now try to learn the character more perfectly,—for all this took place towards the close of the Doge Selvo's life. You shall next hear what I can glean of the former course of it.

In the year 1053, the Abbey of St. Nicholas, the protector of mariners, had been built at the entrance of the port of Venice (where, north of the bathing establishment, you now see the little church of St. Nicholas of the Lido) ; the Doge Domenico Contarini, the Patriarch of Grado, and the Bishop of Venice, chiefly finding the funds for such edifice.

When the Doge Contarini died, the entire multitude of the people of Venice came in armed boats to the Lido, and the Bishop of Venice, and the monks of the new abbey of St. Nicholas, joined with them in prayer,—the monks in their church and the people on the shore and in their boats,—that God would avert all dangers from their country, and grant to them such a king as should be worthy to reign over it. And as they prayed, with one accord, suddenly there rose up among the multitude the cry, "Domenico Selvo, we will, and we approve," whom a crowd of the nobles brought instantly forward there-upon, and raised him on their own shoulders and carried him to his boat ; into which when he had entered, he put off his shoes from his feet, that he might in all humility

approach the church of St. Mark. And while the boats began to row from the island towards Venice, the monk who saw this, and tells us of it, himself began to sing the *Te Deum*. All around, the voices of the people took up the hymn, following it with the *Kyrie Eleison*, with such litany keeping time to their oars in the bright noonday, and rejoicing on their native sea; all the towers of the city answering with triumph peals as they drew nearer. They brought their Doge to the Field of St. Mark, and carried him again on their shoulders to the porch of the church; there, entering barefoot, with songs of praise to God round him—"such that it seemed as if the vaults must fall,"—he prostrated himself on the earth, and gave thanks to God and St. Mark, and uttered such vow as was in his heart to offer before them. Rising, he received at the altar the Venetian sceptre, and thence entering the Ducal Palace, received there the oath of fealty from the people.*

* This account of the election of the Doge Selvo is given by Sansovino (*'Venetia descritta,'* Lib. xi. 40; Venice, 1663, p. 477),—saying at the close of it simply, "Thus writes Domenico Rino, who was his chaplain, and who was present at what I have related." Sansovino seems therefore to have seen Rino's manuscript: but Romanin, without referring to Sansovino, gives the relation as if he had seen the MS. himself, but misprints the chronicler's name as Domenico *T*ino, causing no little trouble to my kind friend Mr. Lorenzi and me, in hunting at St. Mark's and the Correr Museum for the unheard-of chronicle, till Mr. Lorenzi traced the passage. And since Sansovino's time nothing has been seen or further said of the Rino Chronicle.—See Foscarini, "*della letteratura Veneziana,*" Lib. ii.

Romanin has also amplified and inferred somewhat beyond Sansovino's words. The dilapidation of the palace furniture, especially, is not attributed by Sansovino to festive pillage, but to neglect after Contarini's death. Unquestionably, however, the custom alluded to in the text existed from very early times

Benighted wretches, all of them, you think, prince and people alike, don't you? They were pleasanter creatures to see, at any rate, than any you will see in St. Mark's field nowadays. If the pretty ladies, indeed, would walk in the porch like the Doge, barefoot, instead of in boots cloven in two like the devil's hoofs, something might be said for them; but though they will recklessly drag their dresses through it, I suppose they would scarcely care to walk, like Greek maids, in that mixed mess of dust and spittle with which modern progressive Venice anoints her marble pavement. Pleasanter to look at, I can assure you, this multitude delighting in their God and their Duke, than these, who have no Paradise to trust to with better gifts for them than a gazette, cigar, and pack of cards; and no better governor than their own wills. You will see no especially happy or wise faces produced in St. Mark's Place under these conditions.

Nevertheless, the next means that the Doge Selvo took for the pleasure of his people on his coronation day savoured somewhat of modern republican principles. He gave them "the pillage of his palace"—no less! Whatever they could lay their hands on, these faithful ones, they might carry away with them, with the Doge's blessing. At evening he laid down the uneasy crowned head of him to rest in mere dismantled walls; hands dexterous in the practices of profitable warfare having bestirred themselves all the day. Next morning the first Ducal public orders were necessarily to the upholsterers and furnishers for readornment of the palace-rooms. Not by any special grace this, or benevolent novelty of idea in the good Doge, but a received custom, hitherto; sacred enough, if one understands it,—a kind of mythical putting

off all the burdens of one's former wealth, and entering barefoot, bare-body, bare-soul, into this one duty of Guide and Lord, lightened thus of all regard for his own affairs or properties. "Take all I have, from henceforth; the corporal vestments of me, and all that is in their pockets, I give you to-day; the stripped life of me is yours forever." Such, virtually, the King's vow.

Frankest largesse thus cast to his electors (modern bribery is quite as costly and not half so merry), the Doge set himself to refit, not his own palace merely, but much more, God's house: for this prince is one who has at once David's piety, and soldiership, and Solomon's love of fine things; a perfect man, as I read him, capable at once and gentle, religious and joyful, in the extreme: as a warrior the match of Robert Guiscard, who, you will find, was the soldier *par excellence* of the middle ages, but not his match in the wild-cat cunning—both of them alike in knightly honor, word being given. As a soldier, I say, the match of Guiscard, but not holding war for the pastime of life, still less for the duty of Venice or her king. Peaceful affairs, the justice and the joy of human deeds—in these he sought his power, by principle and passion equally; religious, as we have seen; royal, as we shall presently see; commercial, as we shall finally see; a perfect man, recognized as such with concurrent applause of people and submission of noble: "Domenico Selvo, we will, and we approve."

No flaw in him, then? Nay; "how bad the best of us!" say *Punch*,* and the modern evangelical. Flaw he had,

* Epitaph on the Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce); see *Fors XLII.*, p. 125.

such as wisest men are not unliable to, with the strongest—Solomon, Samson, Hercules, Merlin the Magician.

Liking pretty things, how could he help liking pretty ladies? He married a Greek maid, who came with new and strange light on Venetian eyes, and left wild fame of herself: how, every morning, she sent her handmaidens to gather the dew for her to wash with, waters of earth being not pure enough. So, through lapse of fifteen hundred years, descended into her Greek heart that worship in the Temple of the Dew.

Of this queen's extreme luxury, and the miraculousness of it in the eyes of simple Venice, many traditions are current among later historians; which, nevertheless, I find resolve themselves, on closer inquiry, into an appalled record of the fact that she would actually not eat her meat with her fingers, but applied it to her mouth with "certain two-pronged instruments"* (of gold, indeed, but the luxurious sin, in Venetian eyes, was evidently not in the metal, but the fork); and that she indulged herself greatly in the use of perfumes: especially about her bed, for which whether to praise her, as one would an English housewife for sheets laid up in lavender, or to cry haro upon her, as the "stranger who flattereth," † I know not, until I know better the reason of the creation of perfume itself, and of its use in Eastern religion and delight—"All thy garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces whereby thou hast made me glad"—fading and corrupting at last into the incense of the mass, and the *extrait de Mille-fleurs* of Bond Street. What I do

* *Cibos digitis non tangebatur, sed quibusdam fusciniulis aureis et bidentibus suo ori applicabat.*" (Petrus Damianus, quoted by Dandolo.)

† Proverbs vii., 5 and 17.

know is, that there was no more sacred sight to me, in ancient Florence, than the Spezieria of the Monks of Santa Maria Novella, with its precious vials of sweet odors, each illuminated with the little picture of the flower from which it had truly been distilled—and yet, that, in its loaded air one remembered that the flowers had grown in the fields of the Decameron.

But this also I know, and more surely, that the beautiful work done in St. Mark's during the Greek girl's reign in Venice first interpreted to her people's hearts, and made legible to their eyes, the law of Christianity in its eternal harmony with the laws of the Jew and of the Greek: and gave them the glories of Venetian art in true inheritance from the angels of that Athenian Rock, above which Ion spread his starry tapestry,* and under whose shadow his mother had gathered the crocus in the dew.

* I have myself learned more of the real meaning of Greek myths from Euripides than from any other Greek writer, except Pindar. But I do not at present know of any English rhythm interpreting him rightly—these poor sapless measures must serve my turn—(Wodhull's: 1778.)

“ The sacred tapestry
 Then taking from the treasures of the God,
 He cover'd o'er the whole, a wondrous sight
 To all beholders: first he o'er the roof
 Threw robes, which Hercules, the son of Jove,
 To Phœbus at his temple brought, the spoils
 Of vanquished Amazons;
 On which these pictures by the loom were wrought;
 Heaven in its vast circumference all the stars
 Assembling; there his courses too the Sun
 Impetuous drove, till ceas'd his waning flame,
 And with him drew in his resplendent train,

Vesper's clear light ; then clad in sable garb
 Night hasten'd ; hastening stars accompanied
 Their Goddess ; through mid-air the Pleiades,
 And with his falchion arm'd, Orion mov'd.
 But the sides he covered
 With yet more tapestry, the Barbaric fleet
 To that of Greece opposed, was there display'd ;
 Follow'd a monstrous brood, half horse, half man,
 The Thracian monarch's furious steeds subdu'd,
 And lion of Nemæa."

" . . . Underneath those craggy rocks,
 North of Minerva's citadel (the kings
 Of Athens call them Macra), . . .
 Thou cam'st, resplendent with thy golden hair,
 As I the crocus gathered, in my robe
 Each vivid flower assembling, to compose
 Garlands of fragrance."

The composition of fragrant garlands out of crocuses being however Mr. Michael Wodhull's improvement on Euripides. Creusa's words are literally, " Thou camest, thy hair flashing with gold, as I let fall the crocus petals, gleaming gold back again, into my robe at my bosom." Into the folds of it, across her breast ; as an English girl would have let them fall into her lap.

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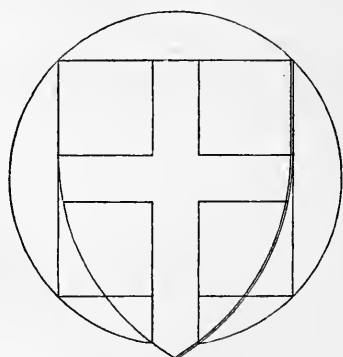
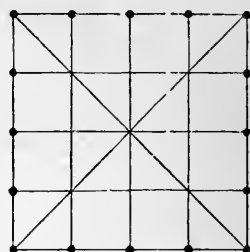
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THE LAWS OF FÉSOLE.

A Familiar Treatise

ON THE ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES AND
PRACTICE OF

DRAWING AND PAINTING.

AS DETERMINED BY THE TUSCAN MASTERS.

ARRANGED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

BY

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PREFACE.

THE publication of this book has been delayed by what seemed to me vexatious accident, or (on my own part) unaccountable slowness in work: but the delay thus enforced has enabled me to bring the whole into a form which I do not think there will be any reason afterwards to modify in any important particular, containing a system of instruction in art generally applicable in the education of gentlemen; and securely elementary in that of professional artists. It has been made as simple as I can in expression, and is specially addressed, in the main teaching of it, to young people (extending the range of that term to include students in our universities); and it will be so addressed to them, that if they have not the advantage of being near a master, they may teach themselves, by careful reading, what is essential to their progress. But I have added always to such initial principles, those which it is desirable to state for the guidance of advanced scholars, or the explanation of the practice of exemplary masters.

The exercises given in this book, when their series is

completed, will form a code of practice which may advisably be rendered imperative on the youth of both sexes who show disposition for drawing. In general, youths and girls who do not wish to draw should not be compelled to draw; but when natural disposition exists, strong enough to render wholesome discipline endurable with patience, every well-trained youth and girl ought to be taught the elements of drawing, as of music, early, and accurately.

To teach them inaccurately is indeed, strictly speaking, not to teach them at all; or worse than that, to prevent the possibility of their ever being taught. The ordinary methods of water-color sketching, chalk drawing, and the like, now so widely taught by second-rate masters, simply prevent the pupil from ever understanding the qualities of great art, through the whole of his after-life.

It will be found also that the system of practice here proposed differs in many points, and in some is directly adverse, to that which has been for some years instituted in our public schools of art. It might be supposed that this contrariety was capricious or presumptuous, unless I gave my reasons for it, by specifying the errors of the existing popular system.

The first error in that system is the forbidding accuracy of measurement, and enforcing the practice of guessing at the size of objects. Now it is indeed often well to outline at first by the eye, and afterwards to correct the drawing by measurement; but under the present method, the student

finishes his inaccurate drawing to the end, and his mind is thus, during the whole progress of his work, accustomed to falseness in every contour. Such a practice is not to be characterized as merely harmful,—it is ruinous. No student who has sustained the injury of being thus accustomed to false contours, can ever recover precision of sight. Nor is this all: he cannot so much as attain to the first conditions of art judgment. For a fine work of art differs from a vulgar one by subtleties of line which the most perfect measurement is not, alone, delicate enough to detect; but to which precision of attempted measurement directs the attention; while the security of boundaries, within which maximum error *must* be restrained, enables the hand gradually to approach the perfectness which instruments cannot. Gradually, the mind then becomes conscious of the beauty which, even after this honest effort, remains inimitable; and the faculty of discrimination increases alike through failure and success. But when the true contours are voluntarily and habitually departed from, the essential qualities of every beautiful form are necessarily lost, and the student remains forever unaware of their existence.

The second error in the existing system is the enforcement of the execution of finished drawings in light and shade, before the student has acquired delicacy of sight enough to observe their gradations. It requires the most careful and patient teaching to develop this faculty; and it can only be developed at all by *rapid* and *various*

practice from natural objects, during which the attention of the student must be directed only to the facts of the shadows themselves, and not at all arrested on methods of producing them. He may even be allowed to produce them as he likes, or as he can; the thing required of him being only that the shade be of the right darkness, of the right shape, and in the right relation to other shades round it; and not at all that it shall be prettily cross-hatched, or deceptively transparent. But at present, the only virtues required in shadow are that it shall be pretty in texture and picturesquely effective; and it is not thought of the smallest consequence that it should be in the right place, or of the right depth. And the consequence is that the student remains, when he becomes a painter, a mere manufacturer of conventional shadows of agreeable texture, and to the end of his life incapable of perceiving the conditions of the simplest natural passage of chiaroscuro.

The third error in the existing code, and in ultimately destructive power, the worst, is the construction of entirely symmetrical or balanced forms for exercises in ornamental design; whereas every beautiful form in this world, is varied in the minutiae of the balanced sides. Place the most beautiful of human forms in exact symmetry of position, and curl the hair into equal curls on both sides, and it will become ridiculous, or monstrous. Nor can any law of beauty be nobly observed without occasional wilfulness of violation.

The moral effect of these monstrous conditions of ornament on the mind of the modern designer is very singular. I have found, in past experience in the Working Men's College, and recently at Oxford, that the English student must at present of necessity be inclined to one of two opposite errors, equally fatal. Either he will draw things mechanically and symmetrically altogether, and represent the two sides of a leaf, or of a plant, as if he had cut them in one profile out of a doubled piece of paper; or he will dash and scrabble for effect, without obedience to law of any kind: and I find the greatest difficulty, on the one hand, in making ornamental draughtsmen draw a leaf of any shape which it could possibly have lived in; and, on the other, in making landscape draughtsmen draw a leaf of any shape at all. So that the process by which great work is achieved, and by which only it can be achieved, is in both directions antagonistic to the present English mind. Real artists are absolutely submissive to law, and absolutely at ease in fancy; while we are at once wilful and dull; resolved to have our own way, but when we have got it, we cannot walk two yards without holding by a railing.

The tap-root of all this mischief is in the endeavor to produce some ability in the student to make money by designing for manufacture. No student who makes this his primary object will ever be able to design at all: and the very words "School of Design" involve the profoundest of Art fallacies. Drawing may be taught by tutors:

but Design only by Heaven; and to every scholar who thinks to sell his inspiration, Heaven refuses its help.

To what kind of scholar, and on what conditions, that help has been given hitherto, and may yet be hoped for, is written with unevadable clearness in the history of the Arts of the Past. And this book is called "The Laws of Fésole" because the entire system of possible Christian Art is founded on the principles established by Giotto in Florence, he receiving them from the Attic Greeks through Cimabue, the last of their disciples, and engrafting them on the existing art of the Etruscans, the race from which both his master and he were descended.

In the centre of Florence, the last great work of native Etruscan architecture, her Baptistery, and the most perfect work of Christian architecture, her Campanile, stand within a hundred paces of each other: and from the foot of that Campanile, the last conditions of design which preceded the close of Christian art are seen in the dome of Brunelleschi. Under the term "laws of Fésole," therefore, may be most strictly and accurately arranged every principle of art, practised at its purest source, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century inclusive. And the purpose of this book is to teach our English students of art the elements of these Christian laws, as distinguished from the Infidel laws of the spuriously classic school, under which, of late, our students have been exclusively trained.

Nevertheless, in this book the art of Giotto and An-

gelico is not taught because it is Christian, but because it is absolutely true and good: neither is the Infidel art of Palladio and Giulio Romano forbidden because it is Pagan; but because it is false and bad; and has entirely destroyed not only our English schools of art, but all others in which it has ever been taught, or trusted in.

Whereas the methods of draughtsmanship established by the Florentines, in true fulfilment of Etruscan and Greek tradition, are insuperable in execution, and eternal in principle; and all that I shall have occasion here to add to them will be only such methods of their application to landscape as were not needed in the day of their first invention; and such explanation of their elementary practice as, in old time, was given orally by the master.

It will not be possible to give a sufficient number of examples for advanced students (or on the scale necessary for some purposes) within the compass of this hand-book; and I shall publish therefore together with it, as I can prepare them, engravings or lithographs of the examples in my Oxford schools, on folio sheets, sold separately. But this hand-book will contain all that was permanently valuable in my former *Elements of Drawing*, together with such further guidance as my observance of the result of those lessons has shown me to be necessary. The work will be completed in twelve numbers, each containing at least two engravings, the whole forming, when completed, two volumes of the ordinary size of my published works; the first, treating mostly of drawing, for

beginners; and the second, of color, for advanced pupils. I hope also that I may prevail on the author of the excellent little treatise on Mathematical Instruments (Weale's Rudimentary Series, No. 82), to publish a lesson-book with about one-fourth of the contents of that formidably comprehensive volume, and in larger print, for the use of students of art; omitting therefrom the descriptions of instruments useful only to engineers, and without forty-eight pages of advertisements at the end of it. Which, if I succeed in persuading him to do, I shall be able to make permanent reference to his pages for elementary lessons on construction.

Many other things I meant to say, and advise, in this Preface; but find that were I to fulfil such intentions, my Preface would become a separate book, and had better therefore end itself forthwith, only desiring the reader to observe, in sum, that the degree of success, and of pleasure, which he will finally achieve, in these or any other art exercises on a sound foundation, will virtually depend on the degree in which he desires to understand the merit of others, and to make his own talents permanently useful. The folly of most amateur work is chiefly in its selfishness, and self-contemplation; it is far better not to be able to draw at all, than to waste life in the admiration of one's own littlenesses;—or, worse, to withdraw, by merely amusing dexterities, the attention of other persons from noble art. It is impossible that the performance of an amateur can ever be otherwise than

feeble in itself; and the virtue of it consists only in having enabled the student, by the effect of its production, to form true principles of judgment, and direct his limited powers to useful purposes.

BRANTWOOD, 31st *July*, 1877.



THE LAWS OF FÉSOLE.

CHAPTER I.

ALL GREAT ART IS PRAISE.

1. THE art of man is the expression of his rational and disciplined delight in the forms and laws of the creation of which he forms a part.

2. In all first definitions of very great things, there must be some obscurity and want of strictness; the attempt to make them too strict will only end in wider obscurity. We may indeed express to our friend the rational and disciplined pleasure we have in a landscape, yet not be artists: but it is true, nevertheless, that all art is the skilful expression of such pleasure; not always, it may be, in a thing seen, but only in a law felt; yet still, examined accurately, always in the Creation, of which the creature forms a part; and not in itself merely. Thus a lamb at play, rejoicing in its own life only, is not an artist;—but the lamb's shepherd, carving the aiece of timber which he lays for his door-lintel into beads, is expressing, however unconsciously, his pleasure in the laws of time, measure, and order, by which the earth moves, and the sun abides in heaven.

3. So far as reason governs, or discipline restrains, the art even of animals, it becomes human, in those virtues; but never, I believe, perfectly human, because it never, so far as I have seen, expresses even an unconscious delight in divine laws. A nightingale's song is indeed exquisitely divided; but only, it seems to me, as the ripples of a stream, by a law of which the waters and the bird are alike unconscious. The bird is conscious indeed of joy and love, which the waters are not; but (thanks be to God) joy and love are not Arts; nor are they limited to Humanity. But the *love-song* becomes Art, when, by reason and discipline, the singer has become conscious of the ravishment in its divisions to the lute.

4. Farther to complete the range of our definition, it is to be remembered that we express our delight in a beautiful or lovely thing no less by lament for its loss, than gladness in its presence, much art is therefore tragic or pensive; but all true art is praise.*

5. There is no exception to this great law, for even

* As soon as the artist forgets his function of praise in that of imitation, his art is lost. His business is to give, by any means, however imperfect, the idea of a beautiful thing; not, by any means, however perfect, the realization of an ugly one. In the early and vigorous days of Art, she endeavored to praise the saints, though she made but awkward figures of them. Gradually becoming able to represent the human body with accuracy, she pleased herself greatly at first in this new power, and for about a century decorated all her buildings with human bodies in different positions. But there was nothing to be praised in persons who had no other virtue than that of possessing bodies, and no other means of expression than unexpected manners of crossing their legs. Surprises of this nature necessarily have their limits, and the Arts founded on Anatomy expired when the changes of posture were exhausted.

caricature is only artistic in conception of the beauty of which it exaggerates the absence. Caricature by persons who cannot conceive beauty, is monstrous in proportion to that dulness; and, even to the best artists, perseverance in the habit of it is fatal.

6. Fix, then, this in your mind as the guiding principle of all right practical labor, and source of all healthful life energy,—that your art is to be the praise of something that you love. It may be only the praise of a shell or a stone; it may be the praise of a hero; it may be the praise of God: your rank as a living creature is determined by the height and breadth of your love; but, be you small or great, what healthy art is possible to you must be the expression of your true delight in a real thing, better than the art. You may think, perhaps, that a bird's nest by William Hunt is better than a real bird's nest. We indeed pay a large sum for the one, and scarcely care to look for, or save, the other. But it would be better for us that all the pictures in the world perished, than that the birds should cease to build nests.

And it is precisely in its expression of this inferiority that the drawing itself becomes valuable. It is because a photograph cannot condemn itself, that it is worthless. The glory of a great picture is in its shame; and the charm of it, in speaking the pleasure of a great heart, that there is something better than picture. Also it speaks with the voices of many: the efforts of thousands dead, and their passions, are in the pictures of their children to-day. Not with the skill of an hour, nor of a life, nor of a century, but with the help of numberless souls, a beautiful thing must be done. And the obedience, and the understanding, and the pure natural passion, and the

perseverance, *in secula seculorum*, as they must be given to produce a picture, so they must be recognized, that we may perceive one.

7. This is the main lesson I have been teaching, so far as I have been able, through my whole life: Only that picture is noble, which is painted in love of the reality. It is a law which embraces the highest scope of Art; it is one also which guides in security the first steps of it. If you desire to draw, that you may represent something that you care for, you will advance swiftly and safely. If you desire to draw, that you may make a beautiful drawing, you will never make one.

8. And this simplicity of purpose is farther useful in closing all discussions of the respective grace or admirableness of method. The best painting is that which most completely represents what it undertakes to represent, as the best language is that which most clearly says what it undertakes to say.

9. Given the materials, the limits of time, and the conditions of place, there is only one proper method of painting.* And since, if painting is to be entirely good, the materials of it must be the best possible, and the conditions of time and place entirely favorable, there is only one manner of entirely good painting. The so-called 'styles' of artists are either adaptations to imperfections of material, or indications of imperfection in their own power, or the knowledge of their day. The great

* In sculpture, the materials are necessarily so varied, and the circumstances of place so complex, that it would seem like an affected stretching of principle to say there is only one proper method of sculpture: yet this is also true, and any handling of marble differing from that of Greek workmen is inferior by such difference

painters are like each other in their strength, and diverse only in weakness.

10. The last aphorism is true even with respect to the dispositions which induce the preference of particular characters in the subject. Perfect art perceives and reflects the whole of nature: imperfect art is fastidious, and impertinently prefers and rejects. The foible of Correggio is grace, and of Mantegna, precision: Veronese is narrow in his gayety, Tintoret in his gloom, and Turner in his light.

11. But, if we *know* our weakness, it becomes our strength; and the joy of every painter, by which he is made narrow, is also the gift by which he is made delightful, so long as he is modest in the thought of his distinction from others, and no less severe in the indulgence, than careful in the cultivation, of his proper instincts. Recognizing his place, as but one quaintly-veined pebble in the various pavement,—one richly-fused fragment, in the vitrail of life,—he will find, in his distinctness, his glory and his use; but destroys himself in demanding that all men should stand within his compass, or see through his color.

12. The differences in style instinctively caused by personal character are however of little practical moment, compared to those which are rationally adopted, in adaptation to circumstance.

Of these variously conventional and inferior modes of work, we will examine such as deserve note in their proper place. But we must begin by learning the manner of work which, from the elements of it to the end, is completely right, and common to all the masters of con-

summate schools. In whom these two great conditions of excellence are always discernible,—that they conceive more beautiful things than they can paint, and desire only to be praised in so far as they can represent these, for subjects of higher praising.

CHAPTER II.

THE THREE DIVISIONS OF THE ART OF PAINTING.

1. IN order to produce a completely representative picture of any object on a flat surface, we must outline it, color it, and shade it. Accordingly, in order to become a complete artist, you must learn these three following modes of skill completely. First, how to outline spaces with accurate and delicate lines. Secondly, how to fill the outlined spaces with accurate, and delicately laid, color. Thirdly, how to gradate the colored spaces, so as to express, accurately and delicately, relations of light and shade.

2. By the word 'accurate' in these sentences, I mean nearly the same thing as if I had written 'true;' but yet I mean a little more than verbal truth: for in many cases, it is possible to give the strictest truth in words without any painful care; but it is not possible to be true in lines, without constant care or *accuracy*. We may say, for instance, without laborious attention, that the tower of Garisenda is a hundred and sixty feet high, and leans nine feet out of the perpendicular. But we could not draw the line representing this relation of nine feet horizontal to a hundred and sixty vertical, without extreme care.

In other cases, even by the strictest attention, it is not possible to give complete or strict truth in words. We

could not, by any number of words, describe the color of a riband so as to enable a mercer to match it without seeing it. But an 'accurate' colorist can convey the required intelligence at once, with a tint on paper. Neither would it be possible, in language, to explain the difference in gradations of shade which the eye perceives between a beautifully rounded and dimpled chin, and a more or less determinedly angular one. But on the artist's 'accuracy' in distinguishing and representing their relative depths, not in one feature only, but in the harmony of all, depend his powers of expressing the charm of beauty, or the force of character; and his means of enabling us to know Joan of Arc from Fair Rosamond.

3. Of these three tasks, outline, color, and shade, outline, in perfection, is the most difficult; but students must begin with that task, and are masters when they can see to the end of it, though they never reach it.

To color is easy if you can see color; and impossible if you cannot.*

To shade is very difficult; and the perfections of light and shadow have been rendered by few masters; but in the degree sufficient for good work, it is within the reach of every student of fair capacity who takes pains.

5. The order in which students usually learn these three processes of art is in the inverse ratio of their difficulty. They begin with outline, proceed to shade, and conclude in color. While, naturally, any clever house decorator can color, and any patient Academy pupil shade; but Raphael at his full strength is plagued with

* A great many people do not know green from red; and such kind of persons are apt to feel it their duty to write scientific treatises on color, edifying to the art-world.

his outline, and tries half a dozen backwards and forwards before he pricks his chosen one down.*

Nevertheless, both the other exercises should be practised with this of outline, from the beginning. We *must* outline the space which is to be filled with color, or explained by shade; but we cannot handle the brush too soon, nor too long continue the exercises of the lead † point. Every system is imperfect which pays more than a balanced and equitable attention to any one of the three skills, for all are necessary in equal perfection to the completeness of power. There will indeed be found great differences between the faculties of different pupils to express themselves by one or other of these methods; and the natural disposition to give character by delineation, charm by color, or force by shade, may be discreetly encouraged by the master, after moderate skill has been attained in the collateral exercises. But the first condition of steady progress for every pupil—no matter what their gifts, or genius—is that they should be taught to draw a calm and true outline, entirely decisive, and admitting no error avoidable by patience and attention.

7. We will begin therefore with the simplest conceivable practice of this skill, taking for subject the two elementary forms which the shepherd of Fésolé gives us (Fig. 1), supporting the desk of the master of Geometry.

You will find the original bas-relief represented very sufficiently in the nineteenth of the series of photographs from the Tower of Giotto, and may thus for yourself ascertain the accuracy of this outline, which otherwise

* Beautiful and true shade can be produced by a machine fitted to the surface, but no machine can outline.

† See explanation of term, p. 26.

you might suppose careless, in that the suggested square is not a true one, having two acute and two obtuse angles; nor is it set upright, but with the angle on your right hand higher than the opposite one, so as partly to comply with the slope of the desk. But this is one of the first signs that the sculpture is by a master's hand. And the first thing a modern restorer would do, would be to "cor-

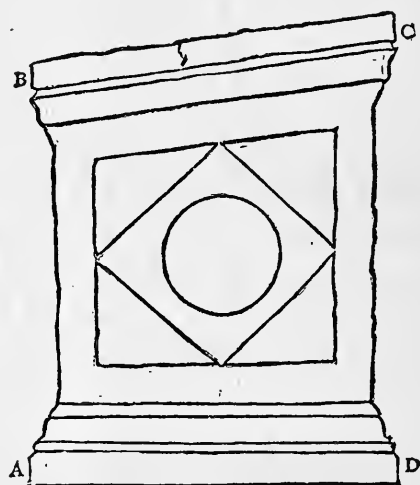


FIG. 1.

rect the mistake," and give you, instead, the, to him, more satisfactory arrangement. (Fig. 2.)

8. We must not, however, permit ourselves, in the beginning of days, to draw inaccurate squares; such liberty is only the final reward of obedience, and the generous breaking of law, only to be allowed to the loyal.

Take your compasses, therefore, and your ruler, and smooth paper over which your pen will glide unchecked. And take above all things store of patience; and then,—but for what is to be done then, the directions had best be

reserved to a fresh chapter, which, as it will begin a group of exercises of which you will not at once perceive the in-

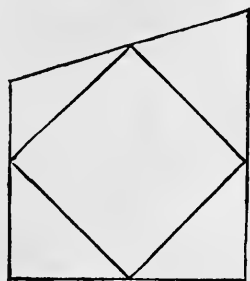


FIG. 2.

tention, had better, I think, be preceded by this following series of general aphorisms, which I wrote for a young Italian painter, as containing what was likely to be most useful to him in briefest form ; and which for the same reason I here give, before entering on specific practice.

APHORISMS.

I.

The greatest art represents every thing with absolute sincerity, as far as it is able. But it chooses the best things to represent, and it places them in the best order in which they can be seen. You can only judge of what is *best*, in process of time, by the bettering of your own character. What is *true*, you can learn now, if you will.

II.

Make your studies always of the real size of things. A man is to be drawn the size of a man, and a cherry the size of a cherry.

‘But I cannot draw an elephant his real size’?

There is no occasion for you to draw an elephant.

‘But nobody can draw Mont Blanc his real size’?

No. Therefore nobody can draw Mont Blanc at all; but only a distant view of Mont Blanc. You may also draw a distant view of a man, and of an elephant, if you like; but you must take care that it is seen to be so, and not mistaken for a drawing of a pigmy, or a mouse, near.

‘But there is a great deal of good miniature painting’?

Yes, and a great deal of fine cameo-cutting. But I am going to teach you to be a painter, not a locket-decorator, or medallist.

III.

Direct all your first efforts to acquire the power of drawing an absolutely accurate outline of any object, of its real size, as it appears at a distance of not less than twelve feet from the eye. All greatest art represents objects at not less than this distance; because you cannot see the full stature and action of a man if you go nearer him. The difference between the appearance of any thing—say a bird, fruit, or leaf—at a distance of twelve feet or more, and its appearance looked at closely, is the first difference also between Titian’s painting of it, and a Dutchman’s.

IV.

Do not think, by learning the nature or structure of a thing, that you can learn to draw it. Anatomy is neces-

sary in the education of surgeons; botany in that of apothecaries; and geology in that of miners. But none of the three will enable you to draw a man, a flower, or a mountain. You can learn to do that only by looking at them; not by cutting them to pieces. And don't think you can paint a peach, because you know there's a stone inside; nor a face, because you know a skull is.

V.

Next to outlining things accurately, of their true form, you must learn to color them delicately, of their true color.

VI.

If you can match a color accurately, and lay it delicately, you are a painter; as, if you can strike a note surely, and deliver it clearly, you are a singer. You may then choose what you will paint, or what you will sing.

VII.

A pea is green, a cherry red, and a blackberry black, all round.

VIII.

Every light is a shade, compared to higher lights, till you come to the sun; and every shade is a light, compared to deeper shades, till you come to the night. When, therefore, you have outlined any space, you have no reason to ask whether it is in light or shade, but only, of what color it is, and to what depth of that color.

IX.

You will be told that shadow is gray. But Correggio, when he has to shade with one color, takes red chalk.

X.

You will be told that blue is a retiring color, because distant mountains are blue. The sun setting behind them is nevertheless farther off, and you must paint it with red or yellow.

XI.

"Please paint me my white cat," said little Imelda. "Child," answered the Bolognese Professor, "in the grand school, all cats are gray."

XII.

Fine weather is pleasant; but if your picture is beautiful, people will not ask whether the sun is out or in.

XIII.

When you speak to your friend in the street, you take him into the shade. When you wish to think you can speak to him in your picture, do the same.

XIV.

Be economical in every thing, but especially in candles. When it is time to light them, go to bed. But the worst waste of them is drawing by them.

XV.

Never, if you can help it, miss seeing the sunset and the dawn. And never, if you can help it, see any thing but dreams between them.

XVI.

‘A fine picture, you say?’ “The finest possible; St. Jerome, and his lion, and his arm-chair. St. Jerome was painted by a saint, and the Lion by a hunter, and the chair by an upholsterer.”

My compliments. It must be very fine; but I do not care to see it.

XVII.

‘Three pictures, you say? and by Carpaccio!’ “Yes—St. Jerome, and his lion, and his arm-chair. Which will you see?” ‘What does it matter? The one I can see soonest.’

XVIII.

Great painters defeat Death; the vile, adorn him, and adore.

XIX.

If the picture is beautiful, copy it as it is; if ugly, let it alone. Only Heaven, and Death, know what it *was*.

XX.

‘The King has presented an Etruscan vase, the most beautiful in the world, to the Museum of Naples. What a pity I cannot draw it!’

In the meantime, the housemaid has broken a kitchen tea-cup; let me see if you can draw one of the pieces.

XXI.

When you would do your best, stop, the moment you begin to feel difficulty. Your drawing will be the best

you can do; but you will not be able to do another so good to-morrow.

XXII.

When you would do *better* than your best, put your full strength out, the moment you feel a difficulty. You will spoil your drawing to-day; but you will do better than your to-day's best, to-morrow.

XXIII.

"The enemy is too strong for me to-day," said the wise young general. "I won't fight him; but I won't lose sight of him."

XXIV.

"I can do what I like with my colors, now," said the proud young scholar. "So could I, at your age," answered the master; "but now, I can only do what other people like."

CHAPTER III.

FIRST EXERCISE IN RIGHT LINES, THE QUARTERING OF ST. GEORGE'S SHIELD.

1. TAKE your compasses,* and measuring an inch on your ivory rule, mark that dimension by the two dots at B and C (see the uppermost figure on the left in Plate 1), and with your black ruler draw a straight line between them, with a fine steel pen and common ink.† Then measure the same length, of an inch, down from B, as nearly perpendicular as you can, and mark the point A; and divide the height A B into four equal parts with the compasses, and mark them with dots, drawing every dot as a neatly circular point, clearly visible. This last finesse will be an essential part of your drawing practice; it is very irksome to draw such dots patiently, and very difficult to draw them well.

Then mark, not now by measure, but by eye, the remaining corner of the square, D, and divide the opposite side C D, by dots, opposite the others as nearly as you

* I have not been able yet to devise a quite simple and sufficient case of drawing instruments for my schools. But, at all events, the complete instrument-case must include the ivory scale, the black parallel rule, a divided quadrant (which I will give a drawing of when it is wanted), one pair of simple compasses, and one fitted with pen and pencil.

† Any dark color that will wash off their fingers may be prepared for children.

can guess. Then draw four level lines without a ruler, and without raising your pen, or stopping, slowly, from dot to dot, across the square. The four lines altogether should not take less,—but not much more,—than a quarter of a minute in the drawing, or about four seconds each. Repeat this practice now and then, at leisure minutes, until you have got an approximately well-drawn group of five lines; the point D being successfully put in accurate corner of the square. Then similarly divide the lines A D and B C, by the eye, into four parts, and complete the figure as on the right hand at the top of Plate 1, and test it by drawing diagonals across it through the corners of the squares, till you can draw it true.

2. Contenting yourself for some time with this square of sixteen quarters for *hand* practice, draw also, with extremest accuracy of measurement possible to you, and finely ruled lines such as those in the plate, the inch square, with its side sometimes divided into three parts, sometimes into five, and sometimes into six, completing the interior nine, twenty-five, and thirty-six squares with utmost precision; and do not be satisfied with these till diagonals afterwards drawn, as in the figure, pass precisely through the angles of the square.

Then, as soon as you can attain moderate precision in instrumental drawing, construct the central figure in the plate, drawing, first the square; then, the lines of the horizontal bar, from the midmost division of the side divided into five. Then draw the curves of the shield, from the uppermost corners of the cross-bar, for centres; then the vertical bar, also one-fifth of the square in breadth; lastly, find the centre of the square, and draw the enclosing circle, to test the precision of all.

More advanced pupils may draw the inner line to mark thickness of shield; and lightly tint the cross with rose-color.

In the lower part of the plate is a first study of a feather, for exercise later on; it is to be copied with a fine steel pen and common ink, having been so drawn with decisive and visible lines, to form steadiness of hand.*

3. The feather is one of the smallest from the upper edge of a lion's wing; the pattern is obscure, and not so well adapted for practice as others to be given subsequently, but I like best to begin with this, under St. George's shield; and whether you can copy it or not, if you have any natural feeling for beauty of line, you will see, by comparing the two, that the shield form, mechanically constructed, is meagre and stiff; and also that it would be totally impossible to draw the curves which terminate the feather below by any mechanical law; much less the various curves of its filaments. Nor can we draw even so simple a form as that of a shield beautifully, by instruments. But we may come nearer, by a more complex construction, to beautiful form; and define at the same time the heraldic limits of the bearings. This finer method is given in Plate 2, on a scale twice as large, the shield being here two inches wide. And it is to be constructed as follows.

4. Draw the square A B C D, two inches on the side,

* The original drawings for all these plates will be put in the Sheffield Museum; but if health remains to me, I will prepare others of the same kind, only of different subjects, for the other schools of St. George. The engravings, by Mr. Allen's good skill, will, I doubt not, be better than the originals for all practical purposes; especially as my hand now shakes more than his, in small work.

with its diagonals $A C$, $B D$, and the vertical $P Q$ through its centre O ; and observe that, henceforward, I shall always use the words 'vertical' for 'perpendicular,' and 'level' for 'horizontal,' being shorter, and no less accurate.

Divide $O Q$, $O P$, each into three equal parts by the points, K , a ; N , d .

Through a and d draw the level lines, cutting the diagonals in b , c , e , and f ; and produce $b c$, cutting the sides of the square in m and n , as far towards x and y as you see will be necessary.

With centres m and n , and the equal radii $m a$, $n a$, describe semicircles, cutting $x y$ in x and y . With centres x and y , and the equal radii $x n$, $y m$, describe arcs $m V$, $n V$, cutting each other and the line $Q P$, produced, in V .

The precision of their concurrence will test your accuracy of construction.

5. The form of shield $B C V$, thus obtained, is not a perfect one, because no perfect form (in the artist's sense of the word 'perfectness') can be drawn geometrically; but it approximately represents the central type of English shield.

It is necessary for you at once to learn the names of the nine points thus obtained, called 'honor-points,' by which the arrangement and measures of bearings are determined.

All shields are considered heraldically to be square in the field, so that they can be divided accurately into quarters.

I am not aware of any formerly recognized geometrical method of placing the honor-points in this field: that which I have here given will be found convenient for strict measurement of the proportions of bearings.

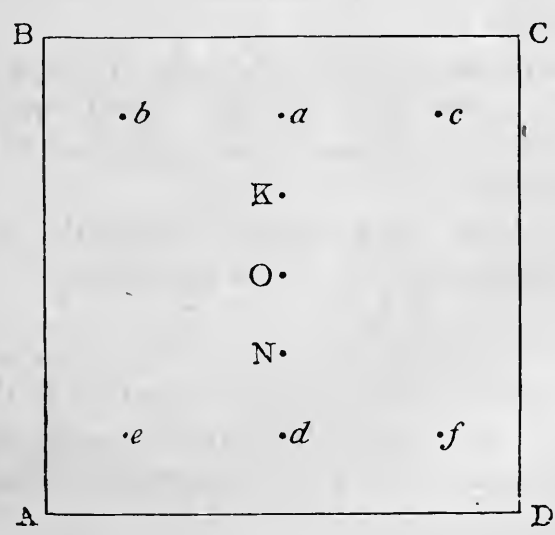
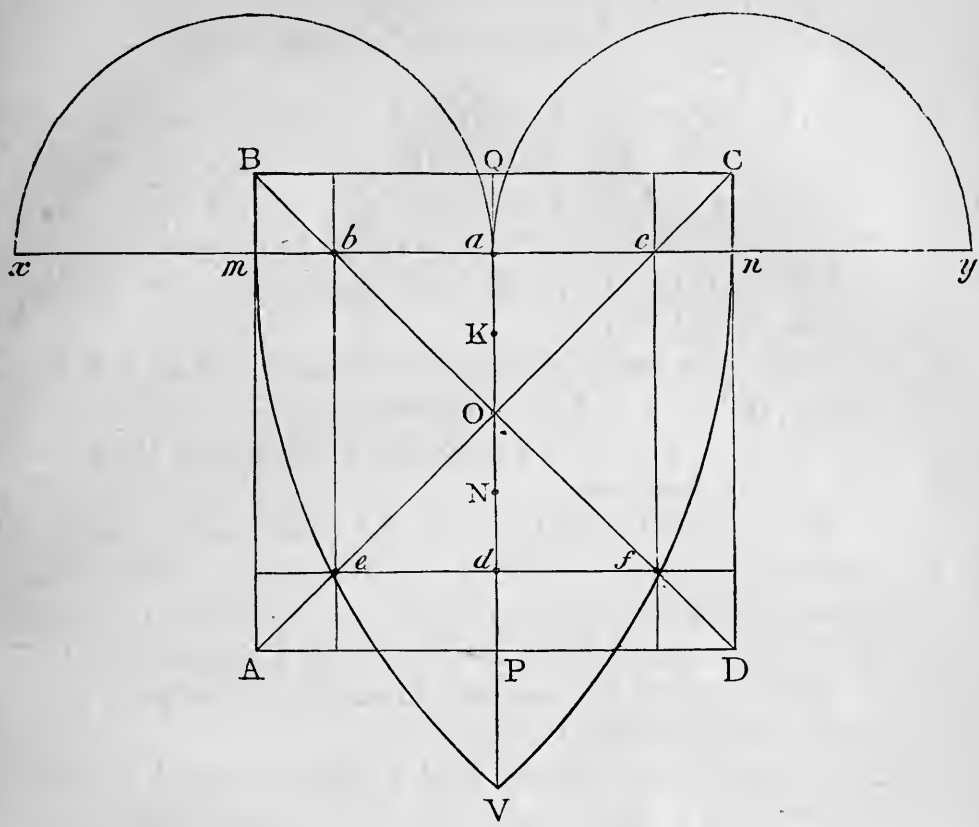


Fig. 1. Variation of α with β for $\gamma = 0.5$ and $\beta = 0.5$.

6. Considering the square A B C D as the field, and removing from it the lines of construction, the honor-points are seen in their proper places, in the lower part of the plate.

These are their names,—

<i>a</i>	Middle Chief	} point.
<i>b</i>	Dexter Chief	
<i>c</i>	Sinister Chief	
K	Honor	
O	Fesse	
N	Numbril	
<i>d</i>	Middle Base	
<i>e</i>	Dexter Base	
<i>f</i>	Sinister Base	

I have placed these letters, with some trouble, as I think best for help of your memory.

The *a*, *b*, *c*; *d*, *e*, *f*, are, I think, most conveniently placed in upper and under series: I could not, therefore, put *f* for the Fesse point, but the O will remind you of it as the sign for a belt or girdle. Then K will stand for knighthood, or the honor-point, and putting N for the numbril, which is otherwise difficult to remember, we have, reading down, the syllable KON, the Teutonic beginning of KONIG or King, all which may be easily remembered.

And now look at the first plate of the large Oxford series.* It is engraved from my free-hand drawing in

* See notice of this series in Preface.

the Oxford schools; and is to be copied, as that drawing is executed, with pencil and color.

In which sentence I find myself face to face with a difficulty of expression which has long teased me, and which I must now conclusively, with the reader's good help, overcome.

7. In all classical English writing on art, the word 'pencil,' in all classical French writing the word 'pinceau,' and in all classical Italian writing the word 'pennello,' means the painter's instrument, the brush.*

It is entirely desirable to return, in England, to this classical use with constant accuracy, and resolutely to call the black-lead pencil, the 'lead-crayon;' or, for shortness, simply 'the lead.' In this book I shall generally so call it, saying, for instance, in the case of this diagram, "draw it first with the lead." 'Crayon,' from 'craie,' chalk, I shall use instead of 'chalk;' meaning when I say black crayon, common black chalk; and when I say white crayon, common white chalk; while I shall use indifferently the word 'pencil' for the instrument whether of water-color or oil painting.

8. Construct then the whole of this drawing, Plate 1, Oxford series, first with a light lead line; then take an ordinary† camel's-hair pencil, and with free hand follow

* The Latin 'penicillum' originally meant a 'little tail,' as of the ermine. My friend Mr. Alfred Tylor informs me that Newton was the first to apply the word to light, meaning a pointed group of rays.

† That is to say, not a particularly small one; but let it be of good quality. Under the conditions of overflowing wealth which reward our national manufacturing industry, I find a curious tendency in my pupils to study economy especially in colors and brushes. Every now and then I find a student using a brush which bends up when it

the lead lines in color. Indian red is the color generally to be used for practice, being cheap and sufficiently dark, but lake or carmine work more pleasantly for a difficult exercise like this.

9. In laying the color lines, you may go over and over again, to join them and make them even, as often as you like, but must not thicken the thin ones; nor interrupt the thickness of the stronger outline so as to confuse them at all with each other. Giotto, Durer, or Mantegna, would draw them at once without pause or visible error, as far as the color in the pencil lasted. Only two or three years ago I could nearly have done so myself, but my hand now shakes a little; the drawing in the Oxford schools is however very little retouched over the first line.

10. We will at this point leave our heraldry,* because

touches the paper, and remains in the form of a fish-hook. If I advise purchase of a better, he—or she—says to me, “Can’t I do something with this?” “Yes,—something, certainly. Perhaps you may paste with it; but you can’t draw. Suppose I was a fencing-master, and you told me you couldn’t afford to buy a foil,—would you expect me to teach you to fence with a poker?”

* Under the general influence of Mr. Gradgrind, there has been lately published a book of “Heraldry founded on facts” (*The Pursuivant of Arms*,—Chatto & Windus), which is worth buying, for two reasons: the first, that its ‘facts’ are entirely trustworthy and useful (well illustrated in minor woodcut also, and, many, very curious and new); the second, that the writer’s total ignorance of art, and his education among vulgar modernisms, have caused him to give figure illustrations, wherever he draws either man or beast, as at pages 62 and 106, whose horrible vulgarity will be of good future service as a type to us of the maximum in that particular. But the curves of shields are, throughout, admirably chosen and drawn, to the point mechanically possible.

we cannot better the form of our shield until we can draw lines of more perfect, that is to say, more varied and interesting, curvature, for its sides. And in order to do this we must learn how to construct and draw curves which cannot be drawn with any mathematical instrument, and yet whose course is perfectly determined.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST EXERCISE IN CURVES. THE CIRCLE.

1. AMONG the objects familiarly visible to us, and usually regarded with sentiments of admiration, few are more classically representative of Giotto's second figure, inscribed in his square, than that by common consent given by civilized nations to their pieces of money. We may, I hope, under fortunate augury, limit ourselves at first to the outline (as, in music, young students usually begin with the song) of Sixpence.

2. Supposing you fortunate enough to possess the coin, may I ask you to lay it before you on a stiff card. Do you think it looks round? It does not, unless you look exactly down on it. But let us suppose you do so, and have to draw its outline under that simple condition.

Take your pen, and do it then, beside the sixpence.

"You cannot?"

Neither can I. Giotto could, and perhaps after working due time under the laws of Fésole, you may be able to do it, too, approximately. If I were as young as you, I should at least encourage that hope. In the meantime you must do it ignominiously, with compasses. Take your pen-compasses, and draw with them a circle the size of a sixpence.*

* Not all young students can even manage their compasses; and it is well to get over this difficulty with deliberate and immediate effort.

3. When it is done, you will not, I hope, be satisfied with it as the outline of a sixpence.* For, in the first place, it might just as well stand for the outline of the moon; and in the second, though it is true, or accurate, in the mere quality of being a circle, either the space enclosed by the inner side of the black line must be smaller, or that enclosed by the outside larger, than the area of a sixpence. So the closer you can screw the compass-point, the better you will be pleased with your line: only it must always happen even with the most delicate line, so long as it has thickness at all, that its inner edge is too small, or its outer too large. It is best, therefore, that the

Hold your compasses upright, and lightly, by the joint at the top; fix one point quite firm, and carry the other round it any quantity of times without touching the paper, as if you were spinning a top without quitting hold of it. The fingers have to shift as the compasses revolve; and, when well practised, should do so without stopping, checking, or accelerating the motion of the point. Practise for five minutes at a time till you get skilful in this action, considering it equally disgraceful that the fixed point of the compasses should slip, or that it should bore a hole in the paper. After you are enough accustomed to the simple mechanism of the revolution, depress the second point, and draw any quantity of circles with it, large and small, till you can draw them throughout, continuously, with perfect ease.

* If any student object to the continued contemplation of so vulgar an object, I must pray him to observe that, vulgar as it may be, the idea of it is contentedly allowed to mingle with our most romantic ideals. I find this entry in my diary for 26th January, 1876: "To Crystal Palace, through squalor and rags of declining Dulwich: very awful. In palace afterwards, with organ playing above its rows of ghastly cream-colored amphitheatre seats, with 'SIXPENCE' in letters as large as the organist,—occupying the full field of sight below him. Of course, the names of Mendelssohn, Orpheus, Apollo, Julien, and other great composers, were painted somewhere in the panelling above. But the real inscription—meant to be practically, and therefore divinely, instructive—was 'SIXPENCE.'

error should be divided between these two excesses, and that the centre of the line should coincide with the contour of the object. In advanced practice, however, outline is properly to be defined as the narrowest portion which can be conveniently laid off a dark background round an object which is to be relieved in light, or of a light background round an object to be relieved in shade. The Venetians often leave their first bright outlines gleaming round their dark figures, after the rest of the background has been added.

4. The *perfect* virtue of an outline, therefore, is to be absolutely accurate with its inner edge, the outer edge being of no consequence. Thus the figures relieved in light on black Greek vases are first enclosed with a line of thick black paint about the eighth of an inch broad, afterwards melted into the added background.

In dark outline on white ground, however, it is often necessary to draw the extremities of delicate forms with lines which give the limit with their outer instead of their inner edge; else the features would become too large. Beautiful examples of this kind of work are to be seen in face-drawing, especially of children, by Leech, and Du Maurier, in 'Punch.'

Loose lines, doubled or trebled, are sometimes found in work by great, never by the greatest, masters; but these are only tentative; processes of experiment as to the direction in which the real outline is to be finally laid.

5. The fineness of an outline is of course to be estimated in relation to the size of the object it defines. A chalk sketch on a wall may be a very subtle outline of a large picture; though Holbein or Bewick would be able to draw a complete figure within the width of one of its

lines. And, for your own practice, the simplest instrument is the best ; and the line drawn by any moderately well-cut quill pen, not crow quill, but sacred goose, is the means of all art which you have first to master ; and you may be sure that, in the end, your progress in all the highest skill of art will be swift in proportion to the patience with which in the outset you persist in exercises which will finally enable you to draw with ease the outline of any object of a moderate size (plainly visible, be it understood, and firmly terminated),* with an unerring and continuous pen line.

6. And observe, once for all, there is never to be any scrawling, blotting, or splashing, in your work, with pen or any thing else. But especially with the pen, you are to avoid rapid motion, because you will be easily tempted to it. Remember, therefore, that no line is well drawn unless you can stop your hand at any point of it you choose. On the other hand, the motion must be consistent and continuous, otherwise the line will not be even.

7. It is not indeed possible to say with precision how fast the point may move, while yet the eye and fingers retain perfect attention and directing power over it. I have seen a great master's hand flying over the paper as fast as gnats over a pool ; and the ink left by the light grazing of it, so pale, that it gathered into shade like gray lead ; and yet the contours, and fine notes of character, seized with the accuracy of Holbein. But gift of this kind is a sign of the rarest artistic faculty and tact : you

* By 'firmly terminated,' I mean having an outline which *can* be drawn, as that of your sixpence, or a book, or a table. You can't outline a bit of cotton wool, or the flame of a candle.

need not attempt to gain it, for if it is in you, and you work continually, the power will come of itself; and if it is not in you, will never come; nor, even if you could win it, is the attainment wholly desirable. Drawings thus executed are always imperfect, however beautiful: they are out of harmony with the general manner and scheme of serviceable art; and always, so far as I have observed, the sign of some deficiency of earnestness in the worker. Whatever your faculty may be, deliberate exercise will strengthen and confirm the good of it; while, even if your natural gift for drawing be small, such exercise will at least enable you to understand and admire, both in art and nature, much that was before totally profitless or sealed to you.

8. We return, then, to our coin study. Now, if we are ever to draw a sixpence in a real picture, we need not think that it can always be done by looking down at it like a hawk, or a miser, about to pounce. We must be able to draw it lying anywhere, and seen from any distance.

So now raise the card, with the coin on it, slowly to the level of the eye, so as at last to look straight over its surface. As you do so, gradually the circular outline of it becomes compressed; and between the position in which you look down on it, seeing its outline as a circle, and the position in which you look across it, seeing nothing but its edge, there are thus developed an infinite series of intermediate outlines, which, as they approach the circle, resemble that of an egg, and as they approach the straight line, that of a rolling-pin; but which are all accurately drawn curves, called by mathematicians 'ellipses,' or curves that 'leave out' something; in this

first practice you see they leave out some space of the circle they are derived from.

9. Now, as you can draw the circle with compasses, so you can draw any ellipse with a bit of thread and two pins.* But as you cannot stick your picture over with pins, nor find out, for any given ellipse, without a long mathematical operation, where the pins should go, or how long the thread should be, there is now no escape for you from the necessity of drawing the flattened shape of the sixpence with free hand.

10. And, therefore, that we may have a little more freedom for it, we will take a larger, more generally attainable, and more reverently classic coin; namely, the 'Soldo,' or solid thing, from whose Italian name, heroes who fight for pay were first called Soldiers, or, in English, Pennyworth-men. Curiously, on taking one by chance out of my pocket, it proves to be a Double Obolus (Charon's fare!—and back again, let us hope), or Ten Mites, of which two make a Five-thing. Inscribed to that effect on one side—

ΔΙΩΒΟΛΟΝ

ΙΘ

ΑΕΙΤΑ

while the other bears an effigy not quite so curly in the hair as an ancient Herakles, written around thus,—

ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΣ Α

ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΤΩΝ ΕΛΛΗΝΩΝ

I lay this on a sheet of white paper on the table; and,

* No method of drawing it by points will give a finely continuous line, until the hand is free in passing through the points.

the image and superscription being, for our perspective purposes, just now indifferent, I will suppose you have similarly placed a penny before you for contemplation.

11. Take next a sheet of moderately thick note-paper, and folding down a piece of it sharply, cut out of the folded edge a small flat arch, which, when you open the sheet, will give you an oval aperture, somewhat smaller than the penny.

Holding the paper with this opening in it upright, adjust the opening to some given point of sight, so that you see the penny exactly through it. You can trim the cut edge till it fits exactly, and you will then see the penny apparently painted on the paper between you and it, on a smaller scale.

If you make the opening no larger than a grain of oats, and hold the paper near you, and the penny two or three feet back, you will get a charming little image of it, very pretty and quaint to behold; and by cutting apertures of different sizes, you will convince yourself that you don't see the penny of any given size, but that you judge of its actual size by guessing at its distance, the real image on the retina of the eye being far smaller than the smallest hole you can cut in the paper.

12. Now if, supposing you already have some skill in painting, you try to produce an image of the penny which shall look exactly like it, seen through any of these openings, beside the opening, you will soon feel how absurd it is to make the opening small, since it is impossible to draw with fineness enough quite to imitate the image seen through any of these diminished apertures. But if you cut the opening only a hair's-breadth less wide than the coin, you may arrange the paper close to it by put-

ting the card and penny on the edge of a book, and then paint the simple image of what you see (penny only, mind, not the cast shadow of it), so that you can't tell the one from the other ; and that will be right, if your only object is to paint the penny. It will be right also for a flower, or a fruit, or a feather, or aught else which you are observing simply for its own sake.

13. But it will be *natural-history* painting, not great painter's painting. A great painter cares only to paint his penny while the steward gives it to the laborer, or his twopence while the Good Samaritan gives it to the host. And then it must be so painted as you would see it at the distance where you can also see the Samaritan.

14. *Perfectly*, however, at that distance. Not sketched or slurred, in order to bring out the solid Samaritan in relief from the aërial twopence.

And by being 'perfectly' painted at that distance, I mean, as it would be seen by the human eye in the perfect power of youth. That forever indescribable instrument, aidless, is the proper means of sight, and test of all laws of work which bear upon aspect of things for human beings.

15. Having got thus much of general principle defined, we return to our own immediate business, now simplified by having ascertained that our elliptic outline is to be of the width of the penny proper, within a hair's-breadth, so that, practically, we may take accurate measure of the diameter, and on that diameter practise drawing ellipses of different degrees of fatness. If you have a master to help you, and see that they are well drawn, I need not give you farther direction at this stage ; but if not, and we are to go on by ourselves, we must have some more

compass work ; which reserving for next chapter, I will conclude this one with a few words to more advanced students on the use of outline in study from nature.

16. I. Lead, or silver point, outline.

It is the only one capable of perfection, and the best of all means for gaining intellectual knowledge of form. Of the degrees in which shade may be wisely united with it, the drawings of the figure in the early Florentine schools give every possible example: but the severe method of engraved outline used on Etruscan metal-work is the standard appointed by the laws of Fésolé. The finest application of such method may be seen in the Florentine engravings, of which more or less perfect facsimiles are given in my 'Ariadne Florentina.' Raphael's silver point outline, for the figure, and Turner's lead outline in landscape, are beyond all rivalry in abstract of graceful and essential fact. Of Turner's lead outlines, examples enough exist in the National Gallery to supply all the schools in England, when they are properly distributed.*

17. II. Pen, or woodcut, outline. The best means of primal study of composition, and for giving vigorous impression to simple spectators. The woodcuts of almost any Italian books towards 1500, most of Durer's (*a*),—all Holbein's; but especially those of the 'Dance of Death'

* My kind friend Mr. Burton is now so fast bringing all things under his control into good working order at the National Gallery, that I have good hope, by the help of his influence with the Trustees, such distribution may be soon effected.

(*a*) I have put the complete series of the life of the Virgin in the St. George's Museum. Sheffield.

(*b*), and the etchings by Turner himself in the 'Liber Studiorum,' are standards of it (*c*). With a light wash of thin color above, it is the noblest method of intellectual study of composition; so employed by all the great Florentine draughtsmen, and by Mantegna (*d*). Holbein and Turner carry the method forward into full chiaroscuro; so also Sir Joshua in his first sketches of pictures (*e*).

18. III. Outline with the pencil. Much as I have worked on illuminated manuscripts, I have never yet been able to distinguish, clearly, pencilled outlines from the penned rubrics. But I shall gradually give large examples from thirteenth century work which will be for beginners to copy with the pen, and for advanced pupils to follow with the pencil.

19. The following notes, from the close of one of my Oxford lectures on landscape, contain the greater part of what it is necessary farther to say to advanced students* on this subject

* I find this book terribly difficult to arrange; for if I did it quite rightly, I should make the exercises and instructions progressive and consecutive; but then, nobody would see the reason for them till we came to the end; and I am so encumbered with other work that I think it best now to get this done in the way likeliest to make each part immediately useful. Otherwise, this chapter should have been all about right lines only, and then we should have had one on the arrangement of right lines, followed by curves, and arrangement of curves.

(*b*). First edition, also in Sheffield Museum.

(*c*) 'Æsacus and Hesperie,' and 'The Falls of the Reuss,' in Sheffield Museum.

(*d*) 'The Triumph of Joseph.' Florentine drawing in Sheffield Museum.

(*e*) Two, in Sheffield Museum.

When forms, as of trees or mountain edges, are so complex that you cannot follow them in detail, you are to enclose them with a careful outside limit, taking in their main masses. Suppose you have a map to draw on a small scale, the kind of outline which a good geographical draughtsman gives to the generalized capes and bays of a country, is that by which you are to define too complex masses in landscapes.

An outline thus perfectly made, with absolute decision, and with a wash of one color above it, is the most masterly of all methods of light and shade study, with limited time, when the forms of the objects to be drawn are clear and unaffected by mist.

But without any wash of color, such an outline is the most valuable of all means of obtaining such memoranda of any scene as may explain to another person, or record for yourself, what is most important in its features; only when it is thus used, some modification is admitted in its treatment, and always some slight addition of shade becomes necessary in order that the outline may contain the utmost information possible. Into this question of added shade I shall proceed hereafter.

20. For the sum of present conclusions: observe that in all drawings in which flat washes of color are associated with outline, the first great point is entirely to suppress the influences of impatience and affectation, so that if you fail, you may know exactly in what the failure consists. Be sure that you spread your color as steadily as if you were painting a house wall, filling in every spot of white to the extremest corner, and removing every grain of superfluous color in nooks and along edges. Then when the tint is dry, you will be able to say that it is either too

warm or cold, paler or darker than you meant it to be. It cannot possibly come quite right till you have long experience; only, let there be no doubt in your mind as to the point in which it is wrong; and next time you will do better.

21. I cannot too strongly, or too often, warn you against the perils of affectation. Sometimes color lightly broken, or boldly dashed, will produce a far better instant effect than a quietly laid tint; and it looks so dexterous, or so powerful, or so fortunate, that you are sure to find everybody liking your work better for its insolence. But never allow yourself in such things. Efface at once a happy accident—let nothing divert you from the purpose you began with—nothing divert or confuse you in the course of its attainment; let the utmost strength of your work be in its continence, and the crowning grace of it in serenity.

And even when you know that time will not permit you to finish, do a little piece of your drawing rightly, rather than the whole falsely: and let the non-completion consist either in that part of the paper is left white, or that only a foundation has been laid up to a certain point, and the second colors have not gone on. Let your work be a good outline—or part of one; a good first tint—or part of one; but not, in any sense, a sketch; in no point, or measure, fluttered, neglected, or experimental. In this manner you will never be in a state of weak exultation at an undeserved triumph; neither will you be mortified by an inexplicable failure. From the beginning you will know that more than moderate success is impossible, and that when you fall short of that due degree, the reason may be ascertained, and a lesson learned.

As far as my own experience reaches, the greater part of the fatigue of drawing consists in doubt or disappointment, not in actual effort or reasonable application of thought; and the best counsels I have to give you may be summed in these—to be constant to your first purpose, content with the skill you are sure of commanding, and desirous only of the praises which belong to patience and discretion.

CHAPTER V.

OF ELEMENTARY FORM.

1. IN the 15th paragraph of the preceding chapter, we were obliged to leave the drawing of our ellipse till we had done some more compass work. For, indeed, all curves of subtle nature must be at first drawn through such a series of points as may accurately define them; and afterwards without points, by the free hand.

And it is better in first practice to make these points for definition very distinct and large; and even sometimes to consider them rather as beads strung upon the line, as if it were a thread, than as mere points through which it passes.

2. It is wise to do this, not only in order that the points themselves may be easily and unmistakably set, but because all beautiful lines are beautiful, or delightful to sight, in *showing the directions in which material things may be wisely arranged, or may serviceably move*. Thus, in Plate 1, the curve which terminates the hen's feather pleases me, and ought to please *you*, better than the point of the shield, partly because it expresses such relation between the lengths of the filaments of the plume as may fit the feather to act best upon the air, for flight; or, in unison with other such softly inlaid armor, for covering.

3. The first order of arrangement in substance is that

of coherence into a globe; as in a drop of water, in rain, and dew,—or, hollow, in a bubble: and this same kind of coherence takes place gradually in solid matter, forming spherical knots, or crystallizations. Whether in dew, foam, or any other minutely beaded structure, the simple form is always pleasant to the human mind; and the ‘pearl’—to which the most precious object of human pursuit is likened by its wisest guide—derives its delightfulness merely from its being of this perfect form, constructed of a substance of lovely color.

4. Then the second orders of arrangement are those in which several beads or globes are associated in groups under definite laws, of which of course the simplest is that they should set themselves together as close as possible.

Take, therefore, eight marbles or beads* about three quarters of an inch in diameter; and place successively two, three, four, etc., as near as they will go. You can but let the first two touch, but the three will form a triangular group, the four a square one, and so on, up to the octagon. These are the first general types of all crystalline or inorganic grouping: you must know their properties well; and therefore you must draw them neatly.

5. Draw first the line an inch long, which you have already practised, and set upon it five dots, two large and three small, dividing it into quarter inches,—A B, Plate 3. Then from the large dots as centres, through the small ones, draw the two circles touching each other, as at C.

* In St. George's schools, they are to be of pale rose-colored or amber-colored quartz, with the prettiest veins I can find it bearing: there are any quantity of tons of rich stone ready for us, waste on our beaches.

The triangle, equal-sided, each side half an inch, and the square, in the same dimensions, with their dots, and their groups of circles, are given in succession in the plate; and you will proceed to draw the pentagon, hexagon, heptagon, and octagon group, in the same manner, all of them half an inch in the side. All to be done with the lead, free hand, corrected by test of compasses till you get them moderately right, and finally drawn over the lead with common steel pen and ink.

The degree of patience with which you repeat, to perfection, this very tedious exercise, will be a wholesome measure of your resolution and general moral temper, and the exercise itself a discipline at once of temper and hand. On the other hand, to do it hurriedly or inattentively is of no use whatever, either to mind or hand.

6. While you are persevering in this exercise, you must also construct the same figures with your instruments, as delicately as you can; but complete them, as in Plate 4, by drawing semicircles on the sides of each rectilinear figure; and, with the same radius, the portions of circles which will include the angles of the same figures, placed in a parallel series, enclosing each figure finally in a circle.

7. You have thus the first two leading groups of what architects call Foils; *i.e.*, trefoils, quatrefoils, cinquefoils, etc., their French names indicating the original dominance of French design in their architectural use.

The entire figures may be best called 'Roses,' the word rose, or rose window, being applied by the French to the richest groups of them. And you are to call the point which is the centre of each entire figure the 'Rose-centre.' The arcs, you are to call 'foils;' the centres of the arcs, 'foil-centres;' and the small points where the arcs meet, 'cusps,' from *cuspis*, Latin for a point.

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